

Harry Brown

by mjimeyg

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Summary: Harry is rescued by a woman in a market and her sons when they accidentally discover the abuse he has suffered from the Dursleys. The world now has to deal with a wizard raised by one Agnes Brown.

Harry Brown

**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\*** This is willingly and knowingly being posted on a **\*\*fan-fiction\*\*** site. Do the math.

**\*\*Summary:\*\*** Harry is rescued by a woman in a market and her sons when they accidentally discover the abuse he has suffered from the Dursleys. The world now has to deal with a wizard raised by one Agnes Brown.

**\*\*Author Notes:\*\*** This is a 'short' story. No chapters. It is done and dusted as all my stories are before posting. It is based on the TV Series; Mrs. Brown's Boys. If you want more details, see my profile for pairings and possible spoilers.

**\*\*Warning:\*\*** If you have seen Mrs. Brown's Boys then you know to expect copious amounts of swearing. I personally consider the show to be in a very 'niche' genre. It's one of those 'love it or hate it' things. Like Marmite. Which I don't mind... moving on.

If you don't like the show or have never seen it then you read at your own risk. Harry will still be the loveable rascal I like to write, he's just got extra training from crafty old Irish mother.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Harry Brown<strong>

The little Freak stumbled along the cobblestones of the Dublin market

as the sellers promoted their wares. He was lumbered down beneath numerous shopping bags and a backpack. It was unlikely anyone could actually see anything except the top of a few bags bobbing slowly past the stalls.

It didn't help that Freak's Uncle and Aunt kept buying more stuff. The Freak's cousin was putting more and more stuff in the bags just for the fun of seeing his cousin suffer.

But the Freak knew better than to complain or react. He just trundled along.

"Oh no you don't, you little thief!"

Freak froze. He'd been called Thief before. That had been a bad time.

"Get your hands off my son!" That was his Aunt's shrill voice.

"This is your little criminal?" Said the first voice. Possibly a female—definitely Irish.

Freak was slightly relieved that he wasn't Thief this time. But he had a gut feeling he'd pay for it later.

"Are you ok under there?"

That was a new voice. Male, older than Freak but not as old as his Aunt and Uncle. Still Irish.

Freak tried to look up, but the weight of the backpack was too much.

He saw a teenager kneel down in front of him. He had black hair and glasses, just like Freak's. His expression was very kind.

"Here, why don't we put these down for a bit and take a rest?" The teenager said kindly as he moved to take the bags from Freak's left hand.

Freak jumped. "No! You can't!"

The teenager took in a breath of shock. "Mammy! You need to see this!" He called over his shoulder.

"Leave the boy alone!" His Aunt shrieked.

"What's the matter, luv?" Came the first woman's voice.

The teenager gestured to Freak.

"By the Holy Father!" She gasped. She spun on her heel. "Did you do this to the poor lad?"

"How we treat the boy is none of your business, woman." Came his Uncle's voice.

"If'n yer beat'n on him it certainly is!" The woman countered. "Trevor, take the child round the back of the stall and tend to him. Dermo', go find Mark, quickly!"

"Yes Mammy!" That was a new voice, another teenage boy.

"Boy! Get over here now!" Uncle was very angry.

"Don't you go raising your voice at the poor child!" 'Mammy's' voice was joined by quite a few others.

"What's your name?" Trevor asked quietly.

"Freak." Came the timid and scared reply.

Trevor frowned, he was sure the boy wasn't insulting him. "Your name is 'Freak'?"

Freak nodded.

Freak flinched as Trevor put a hand to his head and rubbed the messy black hair caringly.

"Mammy, find out what his name is." Trevor called out.

"It's Freak, sir."

Trevor knelt back down in front of Freak. "You can call me Trevor, or Trev, if you like." He smiled.

Trevor really didn't feel like smiling. He felt like getting Mark, Cathy and Dermot together, raiding the attic for his dad's shotgun and using it on the two English bastards.

The poor boy had a black eye that was badly swollen, the glasses he wore were cracked, one of the arms broken. There was the sound of running and Trevor saw Dermot running towards them with his eldest brother, Mark and his fiancée, Betty.

Trevor let out a sigh of relief, Mark would sort things out. If not he'd have a word with Father Quinn and Grandpa.

\* \* \*

><p>Harry Brown was the youngest of six children. He was ten years old and would celebrate his birthday on August 23rd, the same day as his Grandpa, whom he was named after.<p>

It was a Monday morning in late July, the Summer Holidays. Six weeks of hanging out with Dermot and Buster during the day and Mammy, Grandpa and Cathy in the evenings.

He was in the kitchen with Mammy when Spartacus, the family dog, began barking in the garden.

"That fecking mutt." Mammy swore. "That had better not be Winnie bringing more sausages round."

"Gerrof!"

"Ahâ€| it's your brother." Mammy chuckled. "Go and open the door for him, Harry."

Harry trotted over to the door and opened it. Being a Monday, Dermot had to work. It was always interesting to see what he would be doing for the day.

Harry took one look at the sight outside and ran back to the food cupboard.

Mammy smothered a smile as she watched out the corner of her eye.

Harry then went to the cutlery cupboard.

Dermot walked into the kitchen and Mammy struggled not to laugh.

"Well don't you look bright eyed and bushy tailed." She quipped.

Dermot stood there glaring at his mother as he held onto the large bushy tail of his squirrel costume, the head under his other arm. "Har har." He said sarcastically before he attempted to sit at the table. Unfortunately his tail was \_very \_bushy.

Mammy rolled her eyes and grabbed the tail, threading through the back of the chair. "So, what are you promoting today, son?"

"Wildlife tours for Phoenix Park." Dermot said as he plopped the large squirrel head on the ground next to him.

There was slight clink as Harry placed a dish in front of him.

Dermot looked at his youngest brother with narrowed eyes. "Har har." He repeated his sarcastic laugh.

Harry was giggling away as a laughing Mammy replaced the disk of mixed nuts with a plate of toast.

"It makes me so proud." She said with a fond smile and a hint of theatrics.

"Well I was gonna see if you wanted to come with me today." Dermot sneered playfully at Harry. "Especially as I'll be at the park all dayâ€¦ with the animals."

Harry's eyes were wide with horror as he realised he had made a \_huge\_ mistake. "I'm sorry! I'll be good!"

"Sit down and eat your breakfast." Mammy ordered as she placed a small bowl of cornflakes on the table. "You know Dermo was just pulling your leg."

Dermot grumbled good naturedly. "Better than you pulling me' tail."

"Mammy, why is that owl knocking on the window?"

Mammy and Dermot looked to the kitchen window.

"Maybe it wants breakfast." Dermot chuckled.

"Not fecking likely!" Mammy said as she grabbed her broom. "I've got enough mouths to feed as it is. I'm not going to-"

"Mammy! Wait!" Harry rushed around the table, stopping Mammy from heading outside. "It's got something stuck on its leg, maybe it just needs help."

If Agnes 'Mammy' Brown had one issue with her youngest son, it was that he was too fecking adorable. Something she was often heard to bemoan. She had never once been able to say no to him.

"You are not going anywhere near that bird."

Which was why Cathy, her only daughter, usually handled Harry's education and discipline.

The tall, blonde haired Cathy marched over, dragging Dermot up out of his chair. "Come on Dermot. You might as well put that bulky suit to use."

Dermot struggled to free his tail from the chair as Cathy pulled him through the door.

Harry turned to Mammy with a thoughtful frown. "But owls \_eat\_ squirrels."

"Then that owl has just hit the jackpot." Mammy snorted, she pulled a chair up to the sink so Harry could stand on it and see better.

Harry winced as he watched Dermot and Cathy try to subdue the bird and free it from its burden. The owl didn't appear to be afraid of them, but it also wasn't going to let them touch it willingly.

Regardless, an owl is no match for an adult woman and a giant squirrel. They soon had the owl free before Cathy shooed it away.

"Harry, have you been taking in strange animals again?" Cathy asked sternly as she tossed letter on the table. "That was tied to the owl's leg like carrier pigeon."

Harry frowned. "But that's too big for a pigeon to carry. Mr. McCarthy only uses tiny little things."

"I'm more worried about this address." Dermot said as he held up the envelope.

"Some fecking pervert has been spying on our house!" Cathy said in outrage as she snatched the envelope from Dermot's furry hand.

"I don't get letters." Harry frowned as he looked at the address over Cathy's arm.

"I think you should call Mark, Cathy." Mammy said, the worry was clear in her voice. "I just hope we don't have to call the bobbies in."

\* \* \*

><p>"And your bedroom <em>is<em> the smallest one at the back of the house?" The police officer asked as he examined the letter.

"That's right." Mammy said nervously. "Harry's the youngest and the smallest of us." She said before ruffling Harry's hair as they sat on the sofa.

The officer was sitting on 'Mammy's Chair'. If he weren't a copper he'd have had his hide tanned for such a sin.

"Agnes! Agnes! Oh Agnes where are you."

Mammy sighed. "Great that's all we fecking need." She muttered before calling out. "In here Winnie! Stop shouting."

Mammy's lifelong friend and neighbour, Winnie McGoogan, came rushing in with her hair in rollers and a scarf as it always was.

"Oh Agnes!" She wailed as she plopped onto the sofa, sandwiching Harry between them. "I saw the police car outside and thought maybe Der-"

"Winnie!" Agnes hissed. "He's here because someone has been stalking Harry."

She did not need the officer poking around Dermot's files. She hoped he was keeping his nose clean but you never could tell with Buster always coming 'round.

"I'm aware of Dermot Brown and his past." The officer said with a small smile. "I saw him the other day outside a restaurant dressed as a steak."

"I hope you told him 'Well Done'." Mammy said.

The officer smothered another smile.

"Enough about that." Winnie interrupted. "What's this about someone stalking Harry? Is it-" She glanced at Harry before looking cautiously at Agnes. "It's not 'them', is it?"

Agnes put her arm around Harry and pulled him tightly to her. "It had better not be or I'll be breaking out my frying pan!"

"I don't think it isâ€| whom you are referring to, Ma'am. I put a call in to Scotland Yard, they are still in prison."

"Prison." Agnes spat. "Should have let us hang 'em from the street lights."

The officer politely ignored that. He had been a junior officer back then, but he had heard the story of how the whole market had nearly lynched the English couple because of the state of the boy in front of him.

"Would you mind if I took a look out the window from Harry's room? It will give me an idea of where someone might be spying from."

Mammy stood up, bringing Harry with her. "Alright, but this afternoon we are moving him into my room and I'll be having his. If some bloody pervert wants to spy on this family, well they'll get a shock when they see me taking off me' tights!"

Mammy gave one of her cackling laughs she usually did when she made a joke.

\* \* \*

><p>Over the course of the following days, they had to deal with several more owls. Harry was forbidden from going near them as the police had told them to call in the Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ISPCA) if anymore turned up.<p>

Cathy and Mammy took shifts in making sure that Harry was never left in the house alone. Dermot had called in Buster to try and find out who was spying on Harry as the police were not having any luck. The letter claimed to have come from a 'School of Witchcraft and Wizardry'.

On the night of July 30th, as the clock ticked over into July 31st, a massive thumping was heard on the front door.

"Cathy, call the police. Dermot, use the spare key and take Harry to Winnie's. Jacko's still got his shotgun. Rory (another of Mammy's boys), Grandpa, we'll handle whoever this weirdo is!" Mammy declared as she stood there in her dressing gown, brandishing a hefty frying pan.

"I've got this." Grandpa said angrily as he waved an old service revolver.

"Grandpa!" Cathy exclaimed.

"Cathy! The police won't come until their called!" Dermot said as he grabbed Harry by the hand and dragged him down the stairs.

Once they were certain that Dermot had Harry safely hidden at Winnie's they headed for the door.

The thumping was becoming louder and the doorframe was cracking.

They were about to open it when they saw the blue flash of police lights.

The trio stepped back in relief and waited.

It was about two minutes later that there was an actual knock on the door. "Mrs Brown? It's the police, we've got the man in custody, could you open up please?"

Mammy gave a nod to Rory, Rory gave a nod to Grandpa, Grandpa gave a nod to Mammy.

Mammy hit Rory.

But by that time Cathy had come downstairs and was opening the

door.

"Are you sure it was the man sending the letters?" Cathy asked.

The officer looked a bit uncomfortable at that question. "We are certain he is involved. He identified himself as a part of this 'Hogwarts'. But based on his— well, his sheer \_size\_, he can't have been working alone. He also seems to be a bit of a simple fellow and I would definitely say he isn't running whatever scam this is."

"So what then?" Mammy demanded. "Do I have to keep my Harry locked in the house like a prisoner? Those monsters we rescued him from used to do that. Kept the poor child in a cupboard under the stairs!" She pulled out a tissue and dabbed her eyes. She hated the nightmares Harry had at times as he dreamt he was back there.

"Considering that we are dealing with more than a single individual, I've bumped this up to a higher level. I have been told that they will be asking for a contact from Scotland Yard as the return address was for somewhere in Scotland. There is a good chance that we might be dealing with someone from Harry's past."

"And in the meantime?" Cathy asked.

The officer sighed. "In the meantime all you can do is keep him in sight. Call us if you are suspicious about anything. I know it's not what you want to hear but the man we just took into custody is our only real lead. He'll be questioned and hopefully someone will be round tomorrow to bring you up to date."

\* \* \*

><p>Buster and Dermot had briefed Mammy and Cathy on the fact that they had managed to find rumours of both Hogwarts <em>and<em> Harry Potter. But all they had were vague whispers about a terrorist trying to kill this Potter.

The problem was that the Dursleys had refused to answer any questions about the boy. They wouldn't say how they got a hold of him, what his name was, how old he was— if it would be of any help to the Freak they wouldn't give it. So they had taken him home and after he fell asleep in Grandpa's lap decisions came easy.

They were waiting on the representatives from the police to arrive that afternoon when instead they were visited by a middle-aged man in a suit.

"Ah, good afternoon, is this the Brown residence?" The man asked as Mammy answered the door.

Mammy took one look at the man in his suit with his fairly posh way of speaking and she had to stomp on the urge to say something she shouldn't.

"Are you from the police?" She asked bluntly.

The man was taken aback by that. "Goodness, no. I'm—"

"You'll have to come back later then." Mammy said dismissively.



"But -"

He was cut off as Mammy closed the door on him.

The man knocked again and Mammy swore as she opened it. "Look, unless you're here to tell me we won the lottery, I don't have time to deal with you! Now feck off!"

The door was again slammed.

Mammy made it past the sofa to the kitchen door when the knock came again.

She marched to the door swearing and cursing as Grandpa sat in his chair watching with obvious enjoyment at his daughter-in-law's strife.

She wrenched open the door with her tea-towel wrapped around her hand. "If you don't get out of here I'm going to ca -"

"The police?"

A new man in a suit was standing there with his identification shown and a smile on his face. He turned to the other man who was still there.

"I am Inspector Foyle, National Bureau of Criminal Investigation. Perhaps you could explain your purpose here and why you have ignored Mrs Brown's requests that you leave?"

The man puffed himself up indignantly. "I am here to talk to Mrs Brown about her son, Harry."

"Easy sir, I've got this." The officer said over Mammy's shoulder.

Mammy jumped as she noticed Grandpa standing there with a cricket bat in one hand and an angry look on his face.

"Why the feck can't you move that fast when you need to piss at night?" She demanded.

Grandpa actually looked embarrassed.

"What business do you have regarding Harry Brown?" The man asked.

"I'm here to discuss his schooling."

"You're not from Harry's new school." Mammy accused. "Father Quinn would have told us if there was a problem."

"No, no, I'm here to discuss his future schooling."

"Well he's already down for the local Church school. All my boys went there and they turned out fineâ€¦ ish." She added reluctantly. She didn't really want to lie in front of a copper.

"We really should discuss this privately, Mrs Brown."

"You wouldn't have anything to do with a school named 'Hogwarts', would you?"

The man paled at the Inspector's question. "How do you know that name?"

Inspector Foyle chuckled. "Perhaps you should perform a \_thorough\_ inspection of my ID."

The man frowned, but nodded before he took the ID and stepped away.

"My apologies, Mrs Brown. I have a feeling that you are not going to like some of the answers you are about to get, but I assure you, they will be the truth."

The other man turned back. "We should probably take this inside, Inspector."

"Not before you tell me who the fucking hell you are!" Mammy growled. Police or no, even a priest wouldn't stop Agnes Brown from defending her family.

The man very carefully reached into his inner jacket pocket and handed his wallet over to the Inspector.

"If you wouldn't mind whispering, who I am?" He said with a hint of nerves as he glanced up and down the street.

Inspector Foyle shook his head and opened the wallet. He didn't know the man's name but he had an inkling of why he was here.

"Arthur Dunbar, he represents a very exclusive school for special children like Harry. If his school is interested in Harry then you don't just want him to go there, you \_need\_ him to go there.

"But, Mr Dunbar is right, we should continue this inside." Foyle said as he handed the wallet back to Arthur.

Mammy looked to Grandpa. Grandpa frowned, but gave her a nod and patted his cricket bat.

"Very well, but no funny business!" She warned.

"Inspector, if you are able, could you tell me what has prompted the police to become involved and how the name Hogwarts came about?" Arthur asked carefully.

Inspector Foyle looked to Mammy. "Mrs Brown, believe it or not, Mr Dunbar will have many of the answers you seek regarding Hogwarts and the suspected stalking of Harry."

"Stalking?" Arthur said in surprise. "Mrs Brown, children are very precious to both myself and the school. I swear neither I nor my colleagues would ever seek to harm a child."

Mammy was still fairly wound up. She just gestured sharply between the two men with her tea-towel still in hand. "Tell him."

"Hogwarts has been sending owl mail to Harry. It was addressed straight to his specific bedroom. Naturally the Brown family was severely disturbed by this and called in the police.

"Last night a€| \_very\_ large man by the name of Rubeus Hagrid was pounding on the door and caused the damage you saw on your way in."

"Sweet goddess." Arthur exclaimed in exasperation. "If it wasn't bad enough that the fools still use those antiquated methods, they are trying to poach \_our\_ students."

"Harry is adopted." Foyle went on. "We never knew his name because he was rescued from an abusive family who refuse to say his name.

"I have managed to discover that his birth name is Harry James Potter."

"The-Boy-Who-Lived!" Arthur said awe.

"Perhaps you could begin explaining to Mrs Brown and Mr Brown? Just bear in mind that they are Catholic."

Arthur shook himself and nodded.

"Mrs Brown, Mr Brown, what I am about to tell you may seem fantastical and even ludicrous, but I beg you to keep an open mind for Harry's sake.

"I am an administrator for the Danann Academy for Magical Children." He quickly placed a hand on a magazine on the table causing it to turn into a simple wooden bowl.

"Holy Mother!" Mammy exclaimed as she jumped up.

Grandpa just frowned. "Harry's a wizard?" He asked.

"You've met witches and wizards before?" Arthur asked.

Grandpa shook his head. "You said keep an open mind."

Arthur chuckled. "You sir, are definitely one of the most open minded. But yes, Harry is a wizard. He was born with the ability to use magic."

He placed a hand on the bowl and it reverted.

"Magic is everywhere. Magical people and beings have a core inside of them that is undetectable by standard medical means. That core allows them to store magic and also to manipulate it, like I did just now."

"But Harry's a good boy!" Mammy argued, almost pleaded. "He can't be a wizard."

Arthur looked very sad at her reaction. "Mrs Brown, Harry can be a good boy \_and\_ a wizard. He didn't do anything to become one, he was born that way, just how I was born a man and you a woman.

"Please don't blame Harry for any of this."

"But how can he go to Mass?" She asked morosely.

"Agnes." Grandpa said firmly, something he rarely did. "As long as he's healthy."

Agnes nodded jerkily. "Of course, of course."

"There is absolutely no reason for Harry not to attend Mass or any other religious event." Arthur told them. "His beliefs are his own. Magic, however, is secret. Remember, you only heard it exists a few moments ago. For a couple of hundred years we magicals have had to remain hidden, this was primarily due to medieval witch burnings.

"The only people you can tell are immediate family."

"Oh heavens, what will Trevor think? Harry will be devastated if Trevor starts to think differently about Harry."

"Don' be stupid girl." Grandpa scoffed. "Trevor has no problem with Rory so why would he care about Harry?"

"Rory? What's wrong with Rory?"

Grandpa just rolled his eyes. "What about this Hogwarts. The spying. The attack last night." He asked the two men.

"They weren't actually spying." Arthur sighed in exasperation. "What they did was use a form of magic that lets them determine exactly where a person is to send mail to. It is highly restricted and the knowledge is protected.

"Whilst not spying, it is illegal and with your permission we will begin filing a complaint at the International courts."

"That's already been started." Inspector Foyle stated.

"Ah, very well then.

"Anyway, back to Hogwarts. Hogwarts is a British Magical School. They are based in Scotland and consider themselves the elite of Europe.

"They are a backwards bunch of fools." Arthur said heatedly. "As evidenced by the letter they sent and the fact that they sent a half-giant in the middle of the night!"

Inspector Foyle smiled softly and explained further as the older man tried to calm himself. "There are lots of rules and regulations that come with being a magical.

"There are two main reasons Harry needs to attend a magical school. The first is so that he learns control. Even if he never actively uses magic, he needs to know what it feels like so that he doesn't have an accidental incident."

"Has Harry ever had strange or inexplicable things happen to him?" Arthur asked.

"Wellâ€¦ ermâ€¦"

"He somehow managed to get into Mountjoy Prison when his brother was serving time." Grandpa said, just as uncomfortable as his daughter-in-law.

"He was only six!" Mammy said defensively.

"But that is a good example." Arthur nodded. "There were probably similar things occurring when he was a baby, it was all based around his needs and wants. He wanted to see his brother, so magic helped him."

"The flip side of the coin is that if he gets angry or upset, his magic could react without his intent. He needs to learn how to control that side of things." Foyle explained. "The second reason for attending a magical school is so that he learns the law when it comes to magic.

"For example, it is illegal to perform magic in front of non-magical people who don't already know. It is also illegal to perform magic on non-magical people without their consent.

"There are also other various laws that he needs to be aware of."

"Well I'm not sending my little boy all the way to Scotland!" Mammy said firmly.

"That brings us to another issue." Arthur sighed. "Your Harry was born 'Harry James Potter'. His mother was the first witch in her family and his father had a magical ancestry going back centuries.

"Back in the seventies there was a magical terrorist in Britain. He hated anyone who had non-magicals in their family. The Potters were a fairly influential family and they went into hiding. Unfortunately they were betrayed, the madman entered their home and killed both parents.

"When he tried to kill baby Harry something happened and he accidentally killed himself. As a result, Harry was declared a hero, but he was never heard from again."

"Well how the devil did he wind up with those fecking bastards?" She demanded. "If he was a hero thenâ€¦ then why was he allowed to be abused?!" She began to cry.

Inspector Foyle sat forward. "Mrs Brown, back in '84, we didn't know Harry's name. We didn't know who his family was. All we could do was have the Dursley's prosecuted.

"Now that we know Harry's birth name we have reopened the investigation."

"Well he definitely isn't going to this 'Hogwarts' then. Harry is a quiet lad, all that fame and attention would upset him." Mammy said firmly as she dabbed her eyes.

"That is probably for the best." Arthur said gravely. "The headmaster

of Hogwarts, one Albus Dumbledore, is also responsible for Harry's placement after the event. He has used his positions of authority in Britain's government to refuse to reveal what he did to Harry but now we know."

"Harry is legally 'Harry Brown', a citizen of Ireland." Inspector Foyle said. "It would be a huge mistake for Britain to try and kidnap him but that seems to be exactly what they tried last night."

"I assume that measures are being put in place to protect the Brown family?" Arthur asked.

"Mammy! Mammy!"

Mammy winced at the sound of her care free youngest son. It felt like she was about to rip the happiness right from him.

"In here luv." She called out to the back door.

Harry came in excitedly nattering away about animals he had seen whilst he and Cathy had been with Dermot at his current job promoting the park. He never noticed the two strangers in the room.

"Harry, sit down." Cathy said with foreboding seriousness as she indicated the two men.

"Who are you two then?" Dermot asked as he stashed his squirrel head and gloves in the cupboard under the stairs.

"Th- They're here about this Hogwarts business." Mammy stuttered as she put her arm around Harry.

"Magic is real and Harry's a wizard."

Everyone looked at Grandpa. Mammy looked ready to hit him. Cathy and Dermot wondered if it was time for a home. Arthur and Inspector Foyle looked amused.

Grandpa looked uncomfortable. "Just getting it outta tha way."

"Mr Brown is correct." Arthur said. "Magic is real. May I borrow your glasses for a moment?"

Harry looked at Mammy who just gave a nod of encouragement. He handed over his black rimmed glasses. They were in need of a good repair. The family made sure Harry was active and enjoyed himself. This included football matches, Harry was a great player who could whizz around the pitch, but he was too young for contacts and had taken a ball to the face.

Now his glasses were held together by tape.

Arthur took the glasses and held them in the palm of his hand. Before their eyes the tape vanished and the glasses were fixed.

Cathy gasped as Dermot moved to stand in front of her defensively.

"There you go, sir." Arthur smiled as he handed them back. "Good as new."

"Wellâ€¦ I guess we can cancel your appoint next week." Mammy chuckled. "I don't suppose you could fix my washing machine?" She asked hopefully.

Arthur laughed. "I wish it were that easy! For all that magic can do, some times a bit of technology is the way to go, but magic has a lot of problems working with technology."

"That being said, after a few years of schooling, Harry will be able to clean clothes with a wave of a wand." Inspector Foyle assured them.

"Wands? Magic? What is going on and what does it have to do with Harry, owls, stalkers andâ€¦ everything else?" Cathy demanded.

"Cathy." Dermot said warningly. "That's a cop." He indicated Foyle.

"I am. I'm with the NBCI to deal withâ€¦ all that you mentioned." Foyle avoided stating out right he was there because of the danger Harry was in.

"Why don't you have a wand?"

Harry was looking at Arthur curiously.

"Very observant." Arthur smiled. He flicked his wrist and a long thin stick appeared in his hand. "This is my wand. I only need to use it on things that can't be done by touch." He levitated the magazine on the coffee table. "But if I can touch it, I don't need the wand."

"Sometime this month we will need to get you a wand of your own." He looked to Mammy and offered her the handle of the wand. "Why don't you wave that around?"

Mammy took the stick carefully with a raised eyebrow. "I'm a fairy godmother! I'm a fairy godmother!" She cried making Harry laugh.

"Now, why don't you let Harry wave it?"

She gave it to Harry who began waving it and said in a deep voice (for an eleven year old): "I'm the Great and Powerful Oooooohhh!"

Harry was distracted from his acting as sparks came out of the wand.

"And\_ that\_ is the difference between a magical and a non magical." Arthur smiled.

\* \* \*

><p>Harry Brown excelled in his studies at the Dunann Academy. Britain had been given a stern warning that they would not take any attempts to kidnap Harry lightly.<p>

Britain was forced to open diplomatic talks with the Irish Government. They also tried to have the ICW intervene, but the ICW took one look at the reports of how Harry had been rescued and condemned Britain. They also cast a vote of No Confidence in Albus Dumbledore as the head of that organisation.

Harry spent his first two years making new friends whilst learning how hard it is to have magic and not be able to tell his normal friends.

Some of his geography and history classes touched on how other countries handled it. He was glad he didn't live in England where he would pretty much have to choose between muggle or magical.

During the summer before his third year, Inspector Foyle turned up at the Brown Residence with Arthur and some bad news.

"Sirius Black, the man responsible for leading Voldemort to your parents and their deaths, has escaped from prison." Arthur said gravely.

The whole family was there, even Betty, Mark's fiancée. Trevor was back from All Hallows College in his studies to become a priest.

"After some twelve years?" Trevor queried. "What prompted this?"

"We don't really know." Inspector Foyle sighed. Over the past few years he had become more of a friend to the Browns, much like Arthur. "You have to remember that we are dealing with the British Ministry of Magic. They aren't known for their efficiency."

"No, but they are known for their stupidity." Arthur snorted. "They house their prisoners on an island in the North Sea. It is guarded by demons known as Dementors that would be eradicated if they left Great Britain."

"According to what we have heard, they believe he is heading to Hogwarts. He was heard muttering to himself about 'him being at Hogwarts'. Of course the British think he means Harry, but that clearly isn't the case."

"Be very glad you aren't at Hogwarts Harry." Robert Foyle said gravely. "The British Minister has sent the Dementors to Hogwarts, supposedly to guard the children and capture Black."

"Dementors!" Harry exclaimed.

"Ah yes, you might have been taught about those." Arthur nodded. "But don't worry, if we get even a hint that they are attempting to enter Ireland then a team of our best will be sent to destroy them and Minister Cornelius Fudge will be brought up on charges at the ICW."

"If that's all true, then why the fuss here?" Mark asked suspiciously.

Arthur sighed. "For a start, it will be in the papers. Now, you being a Potter is limited knowledge." Arthur looked at Harry. "But we wanted you to be aware of what is happening. Also, we want you to be



extra careful and keep an eye out for anyone who looks strange. All of you." He told them sternly.

"We realise that we have just given you some nasty news, but do try and live your normal lives. You've got a good support system with just your immediate family. The government and the Academy are also keeping a close eye on things." Foyle assured them. "Any questions?"

"We need to be armed."

They all turned to look at Trevor in shock.

"It doesn't have to be a lethal weapon, but it does have to be ranged. Otherwise we have no chance against someone with a wand."

"Trevor! What about you vows!" Mammy exclaimed.

"If it is a choice between being a priest and protecting Harry, then I choose Harry. I can still serve God without being a priest." He said firmly.

"It's a moot point." Robert shook his head. "We would never be able to get permission for tha-"

"Paintball!"

They all looked at Harry in amusement. Harry looked a little embarrassed at his outburst. "Trev said not lethal. Dermo, Buster and my school friends went paintballing last week. They can't kill you but they hurt enough."

"He's right." Dermot pulled up his shirt to reveal a nasty bruise below his rib cage. "That was with the protective gear. Buster got hit on the leg and he was limping around. It would be enough to make a wizard think twice."

"Well, I don't have any way to authorise that." Robert said thoughtfully. He looked at Harry and grinned. "But that's just because they don't fall under the heading of 'Firearms'."

"Leave it to me and Buster." Dermot declared.

Robert groaned. "I wish you wouldn't say things like that around me, Dermot." More than once he had to step in and counter one of Buster Brady's felonious schemes. Now and again he had to work with Dermot to make sure Buster didn't fall victim to his own scheme"

"'Ere now! Nothing shady." Dermot said defensively. "Buster and I know about paintball is all."

Arthur chuckled at the interplay. The two men were very much considered family. "If you have any questions then feel free to contact us."

"Six o'clock, Cathy?"

There were wide eyes looking at Cathy Brown as she blushed. "That'll be fine Rob."

"I have a gun and a cricket bat."

"Grandpa!" Cathy exclaimed. "I'll show you both out." She told Arthur and Robert apologetically.

\* \* \*

><p>There weren't any incidents for Harry to worry about when it came to England and Sirius Black for most of the year. He attended school as always and Cathy, Mammy, Rory or Trevor would collect him from school.<p>

Due to the security issues surrounding Harry, they had finally given in to the need and allowed Harry to access his vault to buy a car for the family.

They had been informed about the Potter's vaults and his inheritance when they learnt about Harry's birth parents. None of the family, including Harry, wanted to touch it though. They all felt it would be disrespectful in some way, even though Mammy and the others assured Harry that he should use his money when he got older.

The issue occurred when a man in ragged clothes, with black hair and a beard knocked on their door during dinner.

"Mrs Brown?"

Mammy frowned. It would never be a good thing for an Englishman to knock on her door. "Who's asking?" She demanded waspishly.

He smiled roguishly. "I was a friend of Harry's parents. I was hoping I cou-

The man turned pale as he found himself looking down the barrels of a shotgun.

"Harry is my son and I have never seen you in my life." Mammy stated. Which was untrue as she now realised this was the man from the pictures that Inspector Foyle and shown him. Sirius Black.

"I'm innocent!" Black said with wide eyes as he was really afraid of the tall thin man with white hair and glasses.

"Hands behind your head, Black."

This was getting worse, Black thought as he heard a voice from behind him.

"It was bad enough that you betrayed the Potters, but now you are to finish the job?" Said the man from behind him as he applied the cuffs.

"I am innocent. I beg you, use the truth potion on me! I'll tell you everything from how I pranked my little brother as a kid to how I didn't betray James."

"Only the Secret Keeper could have led the bastard to that house-

"Which was Peter! I was the one who told them to switch! I was a decoy! I can prove everything!"

Black was spun around to see what looked like muggle men in muggle police armour. Thanks to Lilly he knew what a gun was and he knew better than to be on the wrong end of it.

"Sir, you can put the gun down now."

Mammy turned to pat her son on the back and was shocked.

"Rory?!"

Rory was as gentle as Trevor and Harry. He was the last person you would expect to hold a gun and be willing to use it.

Rory's face was stony. "Nobody is messing with our Harry."

"Don't worry sir, we've got alerts and protections on the whole street." The leader officer assured them. "I'll be leaving a few men out in a van until the Inspector arrives."

\* \* \*

><p>"Innocent?"<p>

"It would appear so, Cathy." Inspector Robert Foyle told his girlfriend as they sat with the rest of the Brown family in their living room.

"Are we sure he couldn't trick theâ€¦ potion?" Dermot asked.

"It isn't possible to lie whilst under the potion, but it is possible to fight the compulsion to talk." Robert allowed. "However, he provided us with some very damning evidence.

"He managed to prove that Peter Pettigrew is still alive. He was apparently an animagus and had been hiding as a wizarding families pet."

"Soâ€¦ all this time I've been hiding from an innocent man?" Harry scowled.

"No." Robert said firmly. "\_You \_were hiding from a deranged, murdering madman. It just turns out that the madman didn't actually exist."

"What's going to happen with Black?" Mark asked as he stood with Betty, Dermot and Rory behind Mammy, Cathy and Harry on the couch. Grandpa was in his chair and Robert was in Mammy's.

"We have granted him asylum. Britain has been demanding his return but we are presenting the case to the ICW. We will also be contacting the regular British Government.

"As for Harry, Black knows that you have legal custody of him and that you've been good for him. He has asked me to pass on a simple request; he wants to cover any and all Harry related family costs."

"We've survived well for this long without hand outs, we won't be

taking them now!" Mammy said indignantly.

Robert smiled and sat back in the chair. "Actually, he knows that. He also knows that other than the car, you have never touched Harry's vaults. He wants to be a part of Harry's life. He is fully aware that Harry might not want to see him after all the bad press he received but, as he said, he should have been the one to take Harry in back in '81. The least he can do is make up for his failures by accepting financial responsibility."

Robert thought that Sirius was a sneaky bastard. Just not malicious. He had made Robert memorise the part about accepting 'financial responsibility'. There was a big difference between giving money and spending money. Agnes Brown was sure to blanch at charity, but there would be a sliver of hesitation if it was a matter of responsibility. It wouldn't be enough, but it was enough of a crack for Black's schemes to worm his way back into Harry's life.

"No." Mammy said firmly after a moment's weakness. "We will be fine. When Harry gets older he'll have his family's money and will be set for life."

Harry's scowl was only noticed by Robert. The lad had often asked if there was a way to transfer money from his vaults to Mammy's bank account, but it had to be authorised by Mammy and that was not going to happen.

Robert just nodded at Mrs Brown's refusal and rose from the chair. "We realised that you might say that, but his offer stands indefinitely. He also asked me to give you this."

He handed a thick package in brown paper.

"I watched him make that myself, he said it was given with love and appreciation to a mother. There is a letter inside."

\* \* \*

><p>That evening as Rory was heading for bed, he paused as he heard sniffing. He knocked on the door. "Mammy?"<p>

"Come in son." Came Mammy's tearful reply.

Rory entered to see Mammy sitting in bed in her nightie with a large photo album on her lap.

"Mammy, what's wrong?" Rory asked worriedly as he sat with his back against the headboard and put his arm around her.

"I think I'm being a foolâ€¦ a sentimental one at that." She said as she dabbed her eyes. "That Black fella, he made this for me."

She handed the album to Rory who gasped at the moving pictures of a little boy, less than a year old.

"Where did he get these?" He asked in awe.

"His letter said he kept it hidden in his vault. Here." She handed him the letter, it was filled with messy writing.

'\_Dear Mrs Brown,\_'

\_I offer my heartfelt apologies for any distress I caused by appearing on your doorstep. I truly didn't believe you had heard of me as rumours in England say that Harry is being held without knowledge of his past.\_

\_Allow me to be blunt: I want to be a part of my godson's life.\_

\_He is all that I have left. My friends are gone. My country wants me dead. If it wasn't due international law then I wouldn't even be able to access my vaults.\_

\_Again, allow me to be blunt: I have no intention of removing Harry from your family or care. I do still claim my right as godfather in the event that something should happen to you, but you have my word that I will give my life before I allow that to happen.\_

\_I beg you to give consideration to me seeing my godson. I understand that it will be some time, possibly months, before the trauma of the last year dissipates. I have been informed by the local authorities of Harry's story from the time he arrived in Ireland to the moment I landed on your doorstep.\_

\_As a token of my apology, I give you my second most prized treasure after Harry himself, this photo album contains pictures of Harry that I took before that terrible night in '81. Hopefully you can enjoy seeing the part of Harry's life that you missed out on. I kept in my vault and visited it regularly during the war as it was unwise to visit them whilst they were hiding.\_

\_With eternal thanks and respect,\_'

\_Sirius Orion Black.\_'

"He does seem sincere, Mammy." Rory offered tentatively.

"Aye son, he does." Mammy sighed as she leant back against the headboard. "Anyone who can take and treasure pictures like these can't be a bad person."

The pictures showed the happy and excited little boy from the day he was born until a few months after his first birthday.

"Are you going to show Harry?" Rory asked.

Mammy frowned. "Not yet. I need to speak to this Black person first."

"Is something wrong?"

"There aren't any pictures of him or Harry's parents."

\* \* \*

><p>"Soâ€| you're Sirius Black." Mammy said as she regarded the man across the table with disdain.<p>

"If you like you can call me Sirius Orion Blackâ€| or the shortened version that Lilly liked to use when angry with me." He offered with

a grin.

Mammy might not have stayed in school but she had a quick mind and was able to determine the name. "You do \_not\_ insult mothers." She said sternly.

"Good mothers like Lilly and yourself? No. But the creature that spawned me would happily kill you, Harry and the rest of your family." He responded without humour. "Harry's dad, James, was like my brother. His family took me in when I had to run away from my abusive home— hopefully you can see why I have nothing but the utmost respect for you and your family."

"Family." Mammy huffed. "There wasn't a single picture of Harry's parents in that album."

Sirius gave an understanding nod. "I didn't want Harry to start questioning his current family. The album was for you and not him. I have photos of his parents as well and you can have them, but I didn't want you to get side-tracked with trying to help Harry deal with an identity crisis."

"He's an adopted and abused young boy who now has numerous older siblings. He's a walking identity crisis." Mammy scoffed.

"Well, the photos are yours if you want them." Sirius shrugged. "I can also give you details of where Harry's family lived, but I don't recommend going to England until Harry is seventeen."

"I told him I'd rather he became a missionary in Africa with Trevor than go to England." She snorted.

Sirius didn't know what a 'missionary' was but he got the gist. "I desperately want to be with Harry, but I'm not selfish enough to try and force myself in. Instead, I wanted to give you these to give to Harry—"

\* \* \*

><p>The 'gift' from Sirius had turned out to be a matched pair of enchanted mirrors. Sirius had Mammy laughing as he told her of how he and Harry's father had used them to cause mischief.<p>

He had made it clear that the mirrors only connected to each other. There wasn't a third mirror stashed away so he could attempt to sneak contact with Harry. The mirrors were for whatever Mammy and Harry wanted. He had recommended that Harry keep one and Mammy keep the other so he could always call home.

Considering the various dangers that had been pointed at Harry over the years, Mammy had stopped him before he could make other suggestions. The first was the only one she would consider.

Sirius had also explained that the reason he was giving her the mirrors and not putting them in an envelope to be handed to Harry, was so that she could help ease Harry into hearing the name 'Sirius' without it being followed by a warning of his desire to kill the lad. She could easily throw the man's name into conversation with knowledge such as 'Sirius said the mirrors—'".

It worked too. Mammy and Sirius had met and talked several times. Cathy had met him twice as she wanted to judge him for herself.

Harry was eventually introduced to, as Mammy called him: The Rascal.

Rory and Dermot had been worried that the man might be a bit too demanding of their little brother. They hadn't met him but they knew Harry. He was a bright lad who made people smile with his kind heart, much like Trevor who the boy practically idolised.

Fortunately, Sirius was nothing but quietly supportive of the Brown family. He came for dinner a few times, attended various birthdays at the family's invitation, but he never focused on Harry. He treated them as a family, each one able to hold his attention.

Harry was a bright lad. He was also curious. With Agnes Brown as his mother he was more than capable of speaking his mind and asking questions.

"Sirius?"

"Yeah Pup?" The man looked down at his thirteen year old godson. It was just after Easter and Sirius was entertaining Harry during the holiday whilst Mammy was working her stall. They were sitting in the park feeding the birds.

"Why didn't you try and take me?" He asked, he clearly wasn't sure what to expect of this conversation.

"You mean away from Mammy and Cathy?"

Harry nodded.

Sirius let out a long sigh and sat back. "When I broke out of Azkaban, I spent a bit of time listening and reading. I snuck into magical bookstores to information on what had happened after they locked me up.

"The books said Dumbledore had sent you to the Dursleys." Sirius kept his face neutral as he saw Harry tense. "I immediately made plans to get you away from them. Petunia was a disgusting human. I knew you would have been suffering in that place.

"In the meantime I headed to Hogwarts. I needed to find the traitor and it would give me a chance to get close to you.

"But when I got to Hogwarts I learnt that you weren't there. So I dug into the newspapers where I read about you being 'held hostage' in Ireland." He said sarcastically. "I immediately began researching that."

He looked a little bit embarrassed. "I did track you down before I knocked on your door. I watched you so I could see the best way to 'rescue you'.

"But all I could see was your smile." He said with his own smile. "Whether with Mammy, Winnie, Dermot, Cathy— it was obvious you were happy. I screwed up your happiness once before, I'd be damned if I

would do it a second time.

"So, I made other plans. Plans to help support your family; the Browns. They had protected and nurtured you. That was supposed to be \_my\_ job, but I wasn't able to so they did it instead. There is a vault and a bank account with enough money to cover \_any\_ and \_all\_ expenses that caring for you might have cost your family.

"Your mother refuses to look at it." He rolled his eyes. He then laughed as he saw Harry do the same.

"Mammy won't take anything she hasn't earned herself." Harry grumbled. "But she keeps going into travel shops and giving me brochures about places she thinks I should visit when \_I\_ can access my vaults."

"Yeah, that woman is something alright." Sirius grinned. "A word of warning though, when you are old enough to drink, be wary about joining her at the pub. I swear, if \_my\_ mother had told me the stories Agnes doesâ€¦ I would have blown my brains out with an exploding curse." He shuddered.

Harry just looked at him with a curious expression.

"Trust me kid. You do \_not\_ want to know."

\* \* \*

><p>Life moved on for Harry. He spent his days in education and his evenings with his family. Cathy often took him out to plays cultural events as she wanted him to have a well rounded education. Sirius usually teamed up with Dermot to make the weekends adventurous.<p>

Sundays were special days. They were mainly for Mammy and Grandpa, but the rest of the family was invited along with Sirius. The day was often spent eating and sharing stories. Winnie also popped around. Harry had impressed Robert and Arthur by finding and filling out some forms that would let them tell Mammy's best friend about magic.

Mammy was moved to tears.

Robert often kept them up to date about England and their ridiculous attempts to try and get him back. Sirius worked closely with Robert and the Irish government to ensure that it never happened.

But the worst thing possible occurred on the 31st of October 1994.

It was a Monday and Harry was walking home from the library with Cathy when he simply vanished into thin air.

\* \* \*

><p>"Sweet Merlin!"<p>

"It's actually him!"

"Unbelievable!"



Harry spun around frantically, he had been walking with Cathy one minute and then stumbling into a large stone hall filled with children and adults.

All of whom seemed excited to see him.

"Harry, it is so good to finally have you home, safe and sound."

Harry went from 'cornered prey' to 'cornered predator' as he heard and saw the one person he never wanted to see. His left hand moved to his pocket discreetly whilst his right suddenly held his wand.

"Dumbledore." Harry snarled. "I guess this is Hogwarts then?"

"Of course! This is the very place your parents learnt about magic." The old man smiled.

"You've got seconds to explain why and how you kidnapped me and then I start cursing." Harry growled, his wand pointing at the old man.

"I'm afraid it was not I who brought you here." The man seemed excited. "It was the Goblet of Fire." Dumbledore gestured to a massive ornate cup with flames dancing over the brim.

"Yeah, pull the other one. It's got bells on it." Harry said sarcastically.

Everyone looked confused, except a few older students.

"I'm afraid I don't understand." Albus queried.

"Dumbledore, we need to inform the Minister." A man who was past middle age, wearing a suit and a toothbrush moustache said gravely. "The Irish ministry will soon discover what has happened and we need to head off a political-"

"Too late ya fecking bastard!"

Harry sighed as the double doors slammed open and he heard the voice of his own angel— Agnes Brown.

Of course, only Harry would have considered her an angel.

"Who are you and how did you get into Hogwarts?" And old woman in a witch's hat demanded sternly.

"Merlin! It's Sirius Black!" A rotund man in colourful clothes exclaimed as he tried to draw his wand.

Many others followed suit but froze when Mark fired the weapon he was holding.

Many of the non-magical raised students recognised the weapons the large group of Irish invaders were wielding. Pistols, shotguns, assault rifles— rolling pins.

Dermot thought Rory was insane for bringing cooking utensils, but it was still easier to grasp than seeing Mammy holding Jacko's shotgun like a pro.

The entire family had come to rescue Harry. From Mammy and Sirius to Betty and Winnie. Jacko couldn't come due to another stay in hospital.

Even Winnie was sporting a paintball pistol.

Ludo Bagman, the rotund man, fell to the floor screaming as he held his shoulder, a bullet lodged in the bone.

"Please! Violence is completely unnecessary." Dumbledore pleaded.

"He was about to pull his weapon on us." Mammy glared. "Anyone else tries and they get more o' the same." She raised her shotgun threateningly.

"We're leaving." Cathy said firmly as she stepped forward. She wished that Robert was there, but there hadn't been time to call him.

"Harry, come 'ere, son." Mammy gestured to the still wary teenager.

Harry cautiously backed towards his family, his wand still trained on the evil old man.

"I'm afraid Harry cannot leave." Dumbledore said sadly. "His name came out of the Goblet of Fire, it is that very same ancient artefact that brought him here, to his home."

"Then you better make sure you fix it old man." Mammy warned as she and the family edged towards the door. "The next time we have to come and rescue Harry, we'll shoot first and ask questions later."

The old man with the toothbrush moustache moved to argue, but he was stopped by a hand from Dumbledore.

"We won't stop you." Dumbledore quelled the ensuing protests from his colleague's with a look. "But I warn you now, the Goblet will call forth Harry once again upon the day of the first task."

"And we warned you, old man, next time we shoot first and ask questions later." Cathy cocked her revolver for effect.

\* \* \*

><p>"Absolutely disgusting! Irresponsible! A breach of good conduct and basic international laws!"<p>

The Brown family, Sirius and Robert Foyle sat there wincing as Arthur Dunbar ranted. He was livid.

"Is he angry at us or Dumbledore?" Dermot whispered to Rory.

"Either way I wish I wasn't here to hear it." Rory shuddered.

"Arthur!" Robert interrupted the older man's tirade. "Perhaps we could move on to the important issue, will they be able to kidnap Harry again?"

"Hmph." Arthur grunted before he sat at the conference table.

They were currently at the Department of Justice and Equality in Dublin. Sirius had gotten them out of Hogwarts the same way they got in, through the secret passage in the Shrieking Shack. They had instantly responded when Harry had activated his mirror and Mammy had raised the alarm.

Sirius was petulantly signing forms to pay the fees for illegal portkey use. He refused to apologise though.

"We have petitioned the ICW to have the Goblet turned over to us." Arthur informed them. "The Prime Minister himself has promised to look into this.

"In the meantime, we have several teams researching the Goblet and whether it truly could have been responsible and how to prevent it from taking Harry as well."

"In the meantime-" Robert broke in. "Harry is about to have a real damper put on his social life." He said apologetically to the young lad that had stolen their hearts. "We are going to place a bodyguard tether on Harry and link it to me."

Sirius let out a low whistle as he looked up from his paper work.

"Keep signing Black." Arthur ordered

Said Black just pouted.

Robert focused on Harry. "What this means is that you and I will only be allowed to move a specific distance from each other. If one of us is taken, the other will instantly be transported to them. If you find yourself at Hogwarts then I will be there, right next to you."

"Thank you." Cathy said with great relief as she hugged her fiancÃ©.

"Is that likely to happen again, then?" Mark asked. "Harry being dragged across the sea?"

Arthur and Robert shared a look and a grimace. The Brown family's collective stomachs dropped.

"Until we have the Goblet, we can't know for certain." Arthur admitted. "But I believe the bodyguard tether proves we aren't willing to risk being unprepared."

\* \* \*

><p>Britain had caved before the outrage of the international community and handed over the Goblet of Fire to the Irish government. The ICW had even sent a team of extremely skilled and intelligent

individuals to help determine the nature of the Goblet and it's capabilities.<p>

Britain found itself demonised in the international press when it was revealed how lax they had been that little Harry Potter, a hero and cautionary tale for child abuse, was now subjected to even more evil from the land of his birth.

Even the French and Bulgarians were disgusted and made pointless noises about withdrawing. The ICW teams had determined that it was impossible to break the contract between the Goblet and the champions.

Somehow they had managed to link Harry to the Goblet despite his complete lack of participation and cooperation. As a result, Robert was issued a sidearm and told that if anything happened to Harry, he was to ensure the boy's safety.

In the meantime, Harry was withdrawn from school and taken to the Irish Magical Combat school where each day, he was handed to the students who discussed his situation and tried to teach him useful spells. He impressed them with his ability to perform spells that even \_they\_ had trouble with.

One instructor had taken him for a week to teach him the patronus charm when she heard he was going to Scotland, that was far too close to Dementors for anyone's liking.

Sirius was in a foul mood most of the time. He couldn't safely go to Britain without needing to watch his back all the time. He was told in no uncertain times by everyone from the Prime Minister to Mammy that he was \_not\_ allowed to step foot in that barbaric country.

Instead he devoted his time to buying stuff for Robert, Harry and Dermot. Sirius had taken Dermot away for a weekend and convinced him to accept a 'job' as a bodyguard for Harry.

There had been a lot of insulted arguing from Dermot, but Sirius had convinced him that he was just sharing his wealth to make sure that Harry was safe and that Dermot wasn't suffering from not having a job.

And so, around mid-November, the time that the First Task of the TriWizard Tournament was scheduled for, Harry was pulled from the company of Robert, Dermot, Cathy and Mammy.

Robert and Dermot immediately linked arms as Robert was pulled after Harry.

\* \* \*

><p>"Robert? Harry? Aren't you supposed to be at Hogwarts?"<p>

"Uh oh." Harry muttered as he looked around.

"Where are we?" Dermot asked, he was not a fan of magical transportâ€| that one was pretty good though.

"We're at the Academy." Robert frowned. "This is the team that was

studying the Go- oh \_feck it\_." Robert swore as he saw the Goblet of Fire on a lab table behind them. "Double feck."

Dermot and Harry turned.

"What is happening?" Asked a burly teenage man with a thick Eastern European accent. Standing on either side of him were a gorgeous blond female teen and a handsome dark haired male teen.

"The ICW is going to love this." Mary smirked as she reached for a nearby telephone.

"I take it you three are Krum, Delacour and Diggory?" Robert sighed. The three teens nodded. "Congratulations, the Goblet of Fire has summoned the Champions for the First Task."

"We were just thereâ€¦ at Hogwarts." Diggory frowned.

"Yes, but the Goblet is here."

"Someone is coming down to sort this out." Mary announced.

\* \* \*

><p>It was an hour later that Robert and Dermot escorted the champions back to Scotland. They took a portkey and were accompanied by an elite squad of Robert's colleagues.<p>

They arrived at the local village, Hogsmede, and were escorted from the castle gates to the arena by one Rubeus Hagrid.

"I uhâ€¦ I jus wannit to apologise, like." The large man stuttered nervously at Harry. "I din't mean ta scare you and your family back in your fir' year. I was jus' following Dumbledore's orders."

"You illegally entered a foreign country." Robert said as he stepped purposefully between Harry and the half giant. "You were party to the use of illegal means to track down Mr. Brown and you attempted to break down their door in the middle of the night."

"Fecking lucky that Cathy didn't blow his head off." Dermot muttered.

The rest of the walk was made in silence.

As they approached the arena, Harry pulled his wand and tapped himself over the head, he rippled out of sight causing Hagrid and the other champions some confusion.

"Ah, our wayward champions!"

Dermot had to stop himself from instinctively reaching for the paintball gun tucked in the back of his jeans. It had been heavily modified by Sirius, but nobody but Dermot knew.

"Where is Harry?" Dumbledore asked.

"Waiting for his turn. He doesn't need to do anything except participate in the task and then he can leave."

"There is a feast thi--"

"Task done. Leave." Dermot said firmly.

Dumbledore sighed. "We need you all in the tent so we can take care of the preliminaries."

"Then move so we can get it done and get back home."

Dermot was a little bit worried. Harry had been holding the back of his jacket so he knew where he was. But his little brother had let go and Dermot didn't know where he was.

Dermot played close attention as they entered the tent and thought he caught sight of a disturbance behind the French girl, Delacour. Dermot had been warned that she was a Veela so he might get caught in her magical allure if she lost control.

Harry was not a 'ladies man' or Casanova, so Dermot couldn't figure out if Harry was following her or his position during entry was a coincidence.

Dumbledore immediately headed towards two men, Dermot recognised them from when Harry was initially kidnapped by the Goblet. Bagman and Crouch, Ministry employees.

When the three men finished conversing, they all looked unhappy.

Bagman started anyway by holding up a small cloth bag. "In this bag are representations of what you will be facing. Each of you will reach in and withdraw one, that will be your challenge. Ladies first."

Fleur Delacour stepped forward and reached in. She withdrew a small green reptile.

"The Common Welsh Green." Crouch intoned.

Krum was next, he pulled out a red reptile.

"The Chinese Fireball."

Cedric pulled a silvery-blue miniature out.

"The Swedish Short-Snout."

"Where is Mr. Potter?" Crouch enquired stiffly.

"There is no Mr. Potter." Dermot sneered at him. "Mr. Harry Brown might be around though. Harry! Where are you?"

Fleur squeaked in shock as the unwilling champion appeared next to her, fairly close as well. Harry sighed mournfully and stepped forward. He simply snatched the bag from Bagman and eased the final occupant out. "Hungarian Horntail."

"How did you know that?!" Crouch demanded angrily.

Harry looked at him as if he was an idiot. "Because it looks like

one."

"Have you cheated boy?" He stepped forward menacingly.

Dermot stepped forward and shoved the man back so he landed on his arse.

Robert stepped up more calmly and tapped Dermot on the back, they shared a look and Dermot pulled Harry away protectively. Robert started arguing with Dumbledore and the others.

Dermot focused on Harry. "You can handle this thing?" He gestured to the little Horntail that had curled up in Harry's hand to sleep.

"Probably." Harry shrugged apathetically.

Dermot rolled his eyes. "Am I gonna be taking you home to Mammy in a hoover bag?"

Harry grinned at him and put on an air of sage and wisdom. "Search your mind. Reach back to the memories of the past."

"Harry-"

"When was the last time you saw me fight with a reptile and lose?"

"Last summer when that python conned you out of your ham sandwich."

Harry just grumbled at Dermot's teasing grin.

"So, what were you doing with Frenchie? Do I need to tell Mammy on you?"

Harry blushed. "She's a veela. Her allure wasâ€¦ leaking."

"What?"

"She's like Cassie. She has the ability to entrance people. Veela mainly do it to men. It'sâ€¦ relaxing."

Cassie was a nurse at the Dublin Magical Hospital. She was also a Siren and would use her gifts to calm children and make them more compliant for treatment. When Harry first felt the effects of her calming song it had been just after his eleventh birthday and he was suffering from stress of Hogwarts' stalking and finding out about his fame. Cassie had been a godsendâ€¦ but it was a little tricky for the attractive nurse as Harry would follow her around in a contented daze.

What was unusual, according to Cassie and the doctors, was that Harry never seemed inclined to make 'sexual or romantic overtures' to her.

"I can't wait to go home." It was Dermot's turn to grumble. "That thing Cassie gave us keeps going off and it fucking hurts!"

So now Harry got to grin.

When they had learnt about one of the champions being a veela, Harry had asked Cassie about protecting his non-magical family from her allure.

Dermot was not pleased when he was presented with the magical equivalent of a shock-collar that went off he gotâ€¦ aroused. Especially as it was strapped to his thigh.

"'Ow dare you Monsieur!"

Harry and Dermot spun around to see Robert being rounded on by the other adults. The other champions had guilty looks, although Krum seemed unrepentant.

"Quite easily." Robert was not easy to intimidate, even if the Beauxbaton's Headmistress was a half giant. "Your champions showed no surprise or shock when it was revealed what their challenge would be. They were obviously told."

"These fecking gits are cheating already?" Dermot asked heatedly as he strode up. Harry was ignored so simply stepped a bit closer to Fleur.

"What are you doing?" She asked worriedly.

"You are, erm, emitting, yes! You are emitting your allure." Harry smiled. "I find it soothing so I was using it to take the stress off."

She managed to look embarrassed and disbelieving. "If my allure was active, you would be drooling andâ€¦ touching me." She shuddered.

"Nah, that type of magic doesn't affect me like that." Harry shrugged. "I know a siren and her singing doesn't do anything except calm me."

"Impossible!"

"If you say so. You might want to tone it down a bit though, I don't mind it but, you mightâ€¦ in a moment." He gave a pointed look at Cedric and Viktor who were looking at her longingly.

Harry tried not to laugh as she darted to his other side, away from the other champions.

"You ready, kid?" Dermot asked as he came up. He gave Fleur a nod and then jerked slightly. Harry just grinned at him. "Shaddap."

Harry continued to grin.

Dermot sighed and moved on. "Apparently you have to get a golden fake egg from the dragon's nest."

"Wyvern."

"Huh?"



"This is a wyvern, not a dragon." He held up the sleeping replica. "They are similar and related, but dragons have four individual legs. Wyverns have two legs and a pair of wings, occasionally they have smaller fore-arms, like a bi-pedal dinosaur."

"T-Rex?"

"Right." Dermot, Harry, Mark and Robert had spent several weeks in cinemas earlier the previous year. They must have watched Jurassic Park twenty times.

"But zey said zey brough zem from a Dragon Reserve." Fleur frowned.

"Yeahâ€¦ if we had to face \_actual\_ dragons, we'd be dead." Harry snorted. "Well, you would be. I might get away with a tongue lashing."

"Mr. Diggory, you are first to tackle the task." Bagman interrupted them.

"Harry, just so you know, the other schools have admitted that they helped their champions cheat." Robert informed him.

"Mr. Foyle! We agreed not to discuss this with the champions." Crouch said angrily.

"\_Your\_ champions. I'm discussing it with \_mine.\_" Robert retorted. "If you want to hide from them the fact that they might lose their magic if the Goblet decides they cheatedâ€¦ that's your choice. Not so sure what their parents would say though."

The other three champions looked positively ill.

"Mr. Diggory, if you would." Albus Dumbledore ushered his student to the entrance.

Harry, Dermot and Robert took a seat in the corner of the tent. It was mere seconds later that a scuffle was heard and one of the Robert's colleagues stuck his head in.

"Sir, we've got a woman out here saying she is supposed to interview the champions."

"She can do it later. At the moment they are supposed to be trying to remain calm as they think about facing a wyvern and maybe losing their magic due to cheating." Robert retorted.

The man just grinned. "Right."

"You really hate the press, don't you?" Harry regarded the older man.

"Harry, you've never had to deal with the press because I've dealt with them for you."

"Ohâ€¦ thanks."

"You're welcome, lad."

Harry suddenly chuckled as the crowd outside cheered and jeered. "That Hogwarts bloke thought he could trick a wyvern with conjured dogs. It would have to be a bloody big dog to satisfy anything that big." He said as he looked at his new pet.

"How do you know?" Dermot asked.

"I can hear the wyvern mocking him. She thinks he's an idiot."

"Sounds like he's done it though." Robert said as they heard Bagman announce the fact.

"Monsieur Potter-"

"It's Brown." Dermot glared at the French champion.

"Pardon mois, Monsieur Brown, could you tell me, will the- erm, wyvern be affected by my allure or ozzer charms?"

Harry looked at the beautiful young woman. She was clearly nervous, but those nerves were obviously the top of a deep seated terror.

"I don't know about your allure, some charms will work but only if you are exceptionally subtle. It would be like if you walked into a room full of highly trained magical police. If you stood in the middle of the room and blatantly let your allure lose then they would know and resist. But if you wandered around discreetly and let it seep out then they might be caught unawares."

She nodded slowly, but it was obvious she only partially understood.

"Miss Delacour, if the worst should happen, make sure you can escape the arena." Robert said firmly but caringly. "It is better to lose and live than lose and die."

She stiffened slightly.

"They aren't going to be any nicer to you if you die than if you forfeit." Harry added. "They'll just mock you for failing."

"If that don't workâ€¦ offer it a cow or something."

They all looked at Dermot with varying degrees of amusement or confusion.

"Wha'? If you offer me a good meal, I'd be more inclined to deal with ya."

Fleur nodded thoughtfully. "Zank you. I will remember zis." She said with a small curtsy before she walked off, her name being called.

"Wonder if she's got any sisters." Dermot muttered as he watched her walk away.

"Just one." Harry said nonchalantly. Dermot perked up. "She's eight."

"I hope that bloody dragon gets a good few bites on ya before he lets ya have the egg."

"It's a wyvern and it's female." Harry glared at him.

"Wyvern, dragonâ€¦ bunch of bloody big reptiles." He waved his hand airily.

"I'll be sure to tell the Hungarian Horntail that in a minute or two."

Dermot paled.

A few seconds later Harry spoke up. "Huh, it seems that Fleur's opponent is going to let her win. The wyverns have been communicating and they know Diggory only took the fake egg. She can tell the girl is only trying to make her sleep so she is faking it."

"I guess that means you don't have to worry then." Dermot said in relief.

"I wasn't worried in the first place." Harry said apathetically. "I don't need to win. I just need to participate."

"Sounds like she's done." Dermot said needlessly as they heard Bagman announce the same. "Just the big guy and then you're on."

"Yeah."

"I thought you weren't worried?"

"About the contents of the task? No. But all those people out there want to see Potter." Harry said in disgust.

Loud, angry, terrified and pained roaring bellowed through the tent.

"That arsehole!" Harry shouted as he leapt from his seat and ran for the entrance. Robert and Dermot were hot on his heels.

Harry burst from the tent and sent a barrage of spells at the Bulgarian that caught him by surprise. He went down like a ton of bricks. The crowd was shocked but Harry ignored them.

He turned to the Chinese Fireball and began hissing. \_"Peace Mother! You must be still. Your eggs are being crushed!"\_

The Fireball froze instantly. \_"My eggs! They said the humans only wanted the fake one. I was attacked and blinded!"\_ The wailing of the mother was heart-breaking to Harry.

\_"I know. This human was a fool. Let me come and tend to your nest. I am a Speaker."\_

\_"Please. Protect my eggs."\_ The mother pleaded.

Harry moved forward quickly. The nest was a mess. The eggs were strewn all over the place and two were cracked. Harry immediately began casting the spells he learnt in his magical science classes and

at the local magical zoos that he attended summer classes at. He came across the golden egg and tossed it out of the nest with a snarl.

"\_I have fixed the nest as best I can, but you need to check it. Lower your head so I can heal your eyes."\_

The wyvern complied and Harry began his new task.

A few minutes later and Harry was nearly knocked over by the large reptile's sigh of relief. "\_Thank you little one."\_ She immediately tended to her nest. She wailed as she discovered the cracked ones.

"\_Don't worry, the eggs are cracked, but your hatchlings are fine inside."\_ Harry assured her.

"MR. POTTER! THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE!"

Harry ignored the bellowing Crouch and enraged judges. He knew Dermot and Robert had his back.

The Chinese Fireball couldn't understand what the humans were yelling, but she could tell it was anger directed at her nest's saviour. She snarled angrily and loudly in their direction, curling her long neck to hide Harry from them.

The arena was filled with a horrible tearing sound and, as though parting the fabric of reality itself, a massive snout, bigger than Hogwarts itself poked throughâ€| really it was just the tip of the snout.

"\_Harry? You called?"\_

That is what Harry and the Fireball heard. Everyone else heard a loud growl that shook the stadium.

"\_Ollie, these stupid jerks put this wyvern's eggs at risk."\_

"Reducto! Reducto!"

"Bombarda! Stupefy!"

"Avada Kedavra!"

"\_Are they actually casting spells at me?"\_ The snout asked tiredly.

"\_They are using the killing curse as well."\_

"\_Are you safe?"\_

"\_Mother is protecting me."\_

"\_I will take the Mother and her eggs to Stoorworm. They will be safe there. Is that acceptable, Mother?"\_

The wyvern was torn between awe at being in the presence of this 'Ollie' and focusing on keeping the Little Speaker and her eggs

safe.

"\_There are other nesting mothers here. There is one more who has yet to face her opponent."\_ The Fireball answered.

"\_Are their eggs damaged, too?"\_

"\_No Ollie. I'm supposed to be the opponent for the next wyvern as well."\_ Harry answered.

"\_Very well, step beneath my head, Mother. I will take you and your nest to safety. Help her with her eggs Harry."\_

The wyvern moved carefully as Harry levitated the nest and tried to maintain a defensive stance around her saviour.

"\_Come see me soon, Harry. I want to know what foolishness you have gotten into that would put the unhatched at risk."\_ Ollie said sternly.

"\_Yes sir."\_ Harry said glumly.

There was the sound of air being sucked away rapidly before the snout, the wyvern and the eggs and nest vanished.

All that was left was Harry standing in a fairly open space, Robert, Dermot and the team from NBCI taking cover behind conjured stone walls and attempting to cripple the judges and British officials.

The disappearance of the wyvern, rip and snout left the British wizards a bit stunned.

Literally and figuratively.

The only two who weren't unconscious were Dumbledore and the French Headmistress, both of whom were smart enough to put up their wands in the face of overwhelming (not to mention better trained) odds.

"Throw your wands down." Robert instructed.

"I'm afraid- OW!" Dumbledore's patronising decline was interrupted by Dermot's paint gun. The wand went flying and Dumbledore was left with some possible fractured fingers.

Headmistress Olympe Maxime quickly tossed hers to the floor and backed up.

"Right, now you." Robert pointed at Dumbledore. "Get the Hungarian Horntail out here now so Harry can finish his task and leave."

"Th- "

"Don't argue. Just do!"

"I will go." Madame Maxime said hastily.

"Right, men, escort Dumbledore and the rest of them out of the

arena."

\* \* \*

><p>Harry's task lasted all of ten seconds. The Hungarian Horntail simply picked the golden egg out of the nest with her jaws and dropped it in Harry's hands.<p>

Harry showed his appreciation by casting some protection spells on the eggs and nest that he had learnt at his summer classes.

The excitement resumed when Harry returned to the tent.

"The boy is a dark wizard!"

"Dermot! Someone hold on to him." Robert barked to his men as he tried to restrain Dermot from punching Crouch in the face.

"I'm dark?"

They all turned to see a fairly pissed off Harry standing there with his egg under his arm.

"You are a Parselmouth." Crouch spat. "The Dark Lord was one too. So was Salazaar Slytherin."

"And so was Saint Patrick you hypocritical bastard." Dermot shouted, still being held back by the NBCI men. "How the hell do ya think he got the snakes to leave Ireland?"

Dermot was never interested in learning, but when he heard that Harry and Saint Patrick shared the same ability, he immediately began to research. It was how he had landed a steady job at the magical zoo. He couldn't speak to snakes, dragons or wyverns, but they knew he was Harry's brother and he got a lot of respect for that.

"Hypocrites?" Crouch was outraged. "Are you saying we harbour dark wizards?"

"Well, you did name one of your school's houses after one, according to you at least." Robert smirked.

Honestly, what was Crouch supposed to say to that? He just spluttered on the spot.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter. Harry has his prize. I'll be talking to my superiors. As the Champions are taken to the Goblet, we will host the next task. It seems only fair as Harry was forced into it." Robert mused.

"Hogwarts has the right to hold the tournament!" Crouch said angrily. "We lobbied hard for it. We earned it."

"Then you should have done a better job of making sure it wasn't sabotaged." Harry sneered.

Dermot could see that his little brother was building up a head of steam. He may not have Irish blood, but he damn well had the Irish spirit.

With a few meaningful looks at his captor he was released to deal with the impending eruption of Mount Harry. Much to his watcher's confusion, Dermot headed straight for Fleur Delacour.

"Enough!" The attention was brought back to Robert. "If you have an issue with this then I suggest that you take it up with the idiots who didn't do enough research on the Goblet before using it!

"Gentlemen we are-"

Robert had turned to his men, he was surprised to see them all staring at Harry, who had his eyes closed and seemed very peaceful, Fleur who was blushing prettily at the stares and Dermot who was grinning.

"Dermo?"

"Harry was about to throw a fit." Dermot grinned. "Frenchie here has that special effect so I got her to deal with him."

Said 'Frenchie' sent a death glare at the Irishman. She was ignored. She had nothing on Mammy or Cathy.

Instead Dermot just looked at her seriously, but his amusement clear in his eyes. "You ever want a job dealing with him, just send me a letter. You're a life saver."

The glare vanished but it looked like she was doing all she could to restrain herself from slapping the brute.

\* \* \*

><p>"It would take blood in lieu of your consent, little one. That is the only way you could be bound to this contract."<p>

"Some one stole my baby boy's blood?" Mammy demanded, building up that familiar indignation.

They were currently standing on the shores of Lough Ree, the massive head of Olliepeist the dragon hovering just above the water, his body hidden beneath the waves.

Unlike wyverns, dragons were rare and truly mystical. They were on par with centaurs, merpeople and goblins in terms of intelligence. They could also communicate in the human tongue.

"It is the only way for someone to be bound to another involuntarily." Olliepeist nodded gravely. "It is my understanding that this 'Dumbledore' had access to you as a baby. You were not born in these lands and so perhaps he had access to you and your blood."

"Robert said that he left me with the- \_them\_ himself."

Both dragon and mother growled at the reference to the Dursleys.

"Is there anyway to break the contract?" Harry asked, changing the topic.

"Break it? No. The power of blood is near absolute." The dragon said gravely. But then his face took on a grin and mirth was clear in his eyes. "But, you now possess the contract." He moved his head to look at the Goblet of Fire resting on the floor next to Harry. "The terms of the contract are dictated by those who hold it. The only stipulations are four events. One of which is a social function."

"Soâ€¦ the next task could be diving into a swimming pool to retrieve our wands?" Harry proposed hopefully.

Olliepeist laughed, it was loud and echoed across the land. "Little Harry, you could sit on the edge of my lake with a fishing pole and try to catch your next meal. A growing child as yourself would 'sorely miss' a meal."

\* \* \*

><p>Harry received an owl delivered letter later than week. It informed him that he was required to attend the Yule Ball at Hogwarts as part of the Tournament.<p>

Arthur had been so incensed that he had recorded Mammy's vitriol filled rant and sent it to Hogwarts as a Howler.

"Mammy, ya gonna fall."

"Now son, I do this every year." Mammy assured Harry. She was currently up a ladder that was leaning against a Christmas tree in the Brown's living room. Harry was sitting on the arm of Grandpa's chair.

Grandpa was watching with expectant glee.

"And every year you fall." Harry sighed.

"I didn't fall last year!" She argued as she tried to reach up to place the angel at the top of the tree.

"We found you hanging from the door frame by the back of your cardigan."

There was a loud snort and Mammy glared hard at Grandpa.

"Mammy, I'm home!"

"Hey Cathy." Harry greeted his big sister, gesturing in displeasure at his mother up a tree.

"Mammy! What a you doing?"

"Cathy, luv, I just finished arguing with your brother. If you wanted to be a part of it you should have been here sooner."

Cathy grunted in exasperation. "Mammy, you have five strapping young men who could do that for you."

"Ahem hem ah!"

"Six." Cathy rolled her eyes at Grandpa's indignant grunting and



subsequent preening. "Harry even has magic to use."

"It's tradition, Cathy." Mammy said firmly. "I've been doing the decorating for Christmas since your father lost his first leg. He was banned from helping after he lost his second leg during the decorating disaster of '84."

What was never spoken of was that it was pretty much Mammy's fault as she had wandered off to the kitchen leaving Regger Brown up a ladder outside the house—he only had one leg at that point.

"It's also tradition for Mammy to get injured every Christmas." Harry grumbled. He then sighed resignedly. "If worse comes to worse, we can take her to the magical hospital."

"There, ya see Cathy?" Mammy smirked at her daughter.

"They've made great progress in treating dementia and senility."

Mammy glared at her youngest as Cathy laughed her way to the kitchen.

\* \* \*

><p>"I hate that thing."<p>

"We all hate it Dermo." Mark slapped his younger brother on the shoulder as he walked by with a plate full of finger foods.

Dermot continued to glare at the Goblet of Fire that had been stuffed in the cupboard under the stairs. In order to prevent disrupting the families Christmas party, the Goblet had been moved to the Brown residence in case it tried to kidnap Harry—he again.

Of course, everyone was curious as to whether the Goblet considered the Yule Ball worth kidnapping someone over and had left the area empty in case they had visitors.

It was a few hours later when they were sitting down for the evening meal when three pops sounded.

Standing with their backs to them were three fancily dressed individuals.

"Vot is this?"

"The Goblet of Fire in a cupboard."

"Oui, but why are we 'ere?"

"So, the old fools didn't tell you to expect to be dragged to wherever the Goblet is, then?"

The three Champions spun around at the sound of the old woman's voice.

The Diggory was wearing long robes with a bow tie, almost like a tuxedo. Krum wore a red military type outfit. Delacour wore a floor length gown that appeared to be silvery grey.

"Well don't you all look gussied up?" Mammy said a little snidely.

"Mammy." Trevor chided quietly. "They are not responsible for what the British Ministry are doing to Harry."

Robert stood up and took charge. "Mr Krum, Miss Delacour and Mr Diggory, you are currently in the home of Harry Brown. You have been extended the hospitality of his mother, Mrs Brown.

"Your heads of school were informed that Mr Brown would not be attending the Yule Ball and that if it was an event sanctioned by the Goblet then it would summon you.

"If you will take a seat, perhaps Mr Mark Brown, the eldest son and the man of the house, will make introductions. I will have a message sent to your parents to assure them you are safe and sound." And with that he walked up stairs to make use of the privacy of Cathy's room.

"Sit." Mammy said sharply.

The foreigners complied.

"Mark."

At Mammy's command he began. "This is Agnes Brown, our mother. I am Mark Brown, this is my fiancée, Betty, my brothers, Rory, Trevor, Dermot and Harry and my sister Cathy. At the head of the table is Harry Brown, our grandfather. The man who just left is Robert Foyle, Cathy's fiancé and a member of Irish law enforcement who has been in charge of Harry's case since we found out about magic."

Diggory raised his hand tentatively.

"This isn't a classroom lad, just ask your question." Mark chuckled.

"Didn't you know about magic when you first met Harry?"

"No." Mammy said stiffly. "All we knew about him was that he was a boy, young and abused."

Diggory was shocked, Delacour horrified and Krum appeared displeased. No change on that last one then.

"We didn't know his name, age—we only knew his address because the police arrested those fec—"

"Dermot!" Cathy hissed. She gestured with her eyes at their guests.

"Sorry Cathy." He grumbled.

"Message sent." Robert announced as he trotted down the stairs and retook his seat, giving Cathy a smile as he did. "Mrs Brown, you'll be happy to know that I heard indignant shouting as I hung up the phone. Arthur appeared to be giving as good as he got."

Mammy smiled evilly. She had been 'requested' to be banned from meetings with Britain due to her caustic attitude.

Harry had convinced her to comply by suggesting she be considered the 'big guns'.

Both Harry and Dermot had turned green when Mammy had taken it as the wrong type of compliment andâ€¦ fluffed her chest.

"Should we not be going to Hogvarts?" Krum asked.

"That would depend on how much you want to lose your magic. Non-participation carries that as the punishment and the Goblet clearly thinks that the Yule event is a requirement." Robert answered blandly.

"Ermâ€¦ we had dates." Diggory mentioned.

"Then you can be sure to complain to your head of school about not being told you would be here and not at Hogwarts."

"This is insult." Krum growled.

"The door is right there."

Harry was a little unnerved by Robert's somewhat cold demeanour. The law enforcement officer was generally calm and collected, always with a smile for the Brown family.

"I'm sure that your dates are being looked after by their teachers." Trevor interjected as he tried to ease the tension. "Mr Diggory, what made you choose to enter this Tournament?" He asked, trying to start a conversation.

"Ohâ€¦ erm, I wanted the opportunity to represent my school." He was caught off guard. "I know I am in the top ten, academically speaking, but I was up against some good opposition.

"Erm, Harryâ€¦ why did \_you\_ enter?"

There was a horrible screeching of knives and forks on china as everyone gawped at the English boy.

"Are you a fucking retard?"

"Dermot! I will not have that type of language in this house. Apologise!" Mammy ordered as she stood up.

"Sorry Mr Diggory."

"Good." She turned to Diggory. "Are you a fucking idiot boy?"

"Mammy!" Cathy hissed.

Robert dabbed his mouth with his napkin, the Brown family was 'unique', he didn't want them to see him trying not to laugh. Cathy still kicked his shin.

"I- I- You asked me first!" When faced with the ire of Agnes Brown,

even seasoned warriors will rethink their strategy.

"God Almighty. He is a fecking idiot." Mammy sighed and sat back down.

"You asked Harry, who was kidnapped and forced to participate in this barbaric, not to mention illegal, tournament, why he entered?" Robert asked with same calm coldness. "This is why Britain is the only country that considers Hogwarts the best magical school in Europe."

"But Headmaster Dumbledore told us that Harry wrote to him and asked to be entered." Diggory frowned.

"You know what, I don't care what Mammy says." Dermot growled as he stood up. "You are too dumb to sit at this table." He grabbed a squawking Diggory by the robes and hauled him out of his seat. "Sit there and try not to choke on ya own breath." He said as he dropped him on the sofa.

Krum and Delacour both began to look a bit worried. Krum especially was fingering the sleeve of his robe where his wand was stashed.

"Do either of you two wanna sit at the kiddie table or have you got tha brain cells to figure out why Pretty Boy is Pretty Dumb?" Dermot glared at the other two foreigners.

"Eet is as Madame Maxime said. Zere can only be trois- three champions. Monsieur Po- Brown was not even een ze country to give 'is name." Fleur answered carefully.

Dermot looked at the Bulgarian.

Krum held his hostile gaze for a moment and then snorted and looked away. "My Headmaster is fool. Says that this is Hogvarts cheating. Potter come from Goblet. No school. No seeing him at Goblet until name come out.

"Don't know vhy name come out. Do not care. Only care that Potter cheat in first task and attack me." He glared at Harry.

"You mean like you cheated by knowing what the challenge of the first task was before it began?" Robert asked as he calmly speared a potato.

Krum's mouth snapped shut, the glare remained.

"Miss Delacour, how about you? Why did you enter the tournament?" Trevor asked, his calm and caring nature dampening the hotheads in the room slightly.

"I- I wanted to prove zatâ€¦" She paused, a frown on her beautiful face. "Eet is 'ard to explain. I wanted to prove zat I am more. Zat I amâ€¦ more." She seemed upset that she couldn't answer better.

"That you are more than a pretty face and a Veela?"

Fleur looked at Mammy with wide shocked eyes.

Mammy just gave her a kind if slightly smug smile. "When Harry was forced into this tournament, we were told all about the other champions." She looked at her youngest fondly. "Harry, curious thing that he is, researched the countries and customs of each one. He learnt a lot about Veela."

Fleur nodded slowly. "Oui. I want to prove I am-

"Intelligent, smart, capable."

"Oui."

"Maybe you should try looking for a life outside of most of Europe then." Mammy snorted. "If it isn't sweet little Cassie at risk from slavery because she's a siren, it's my little Harry being accused of being evil because he can talk to snakes."

"Snake talkers \_are\_ dark." Krum sneered at Harry.

"How?" Trevor asked quickly as he placed a restraining hand on Dermot. "How are they dark if they can speak to reptiles?"

"Everybody knows this." Krum scoffed. Then he looked at Trevor condescendingly. "You are muggle though. You know nothing about magic."

Trevor tightened his grip on Dermot and continued calmly. "But you haven't said why. Only that they are dark. We've known Harry can talk to snakes for about four years now. We know that Saint Patrick could also speak to snakes andâ€¦"

"He was a fecking saint." Mammy supplied with an amused snort.

"Exactly. In India, where Harry and I have visited, parselmouths are revered. They were begging Harry to stay."

Trevor tried not to smile. He could see Harry blushing from the corner of his eye. All the way to the portkey terminal in India, everyone from lowly villagers to the heads of the royal families were trying to convince Harry to stay, they offered money, wealth and many, many marriage offers.

The quiet twelve-year-old had immediately headed to his school library when they got back and read up on warding.

Fortunately, a quiet visit by Vasuki, King of the Nagas had helped assure Harry that he would \_not\_ be getting harassed anymore.

"You speak ofâ€¦ peasants. What do they know?" Viktor scoffed.

"They know better than to use an ancient relic to bind children to contracts which might get them killed."

Everyone turned to look at Harry who spoke quietly but sternly. "Go sit with Diggory." He said with a slight sneer. "Or-" He stopped, his face went blank for a second before a decidedly evil look descended upon his face.

"Robert, pack up the dinner. Dermot, get the Goblet. We're relocating."

Normally, no one would dare interfere with something as important as Mammy's Christmas meal. But there were times when Harry, Mark or Trevor could give instructions or say something and the family would simply comply. Mammy would often be the first to move.

\* \* \*

><p>"Relax Fleur, Ollie prefers fish." Harry grinned as he helped himself to some more carrots.<p>

The French champion was looking (and trying not to look like she was looking) towards the water where Olliepeist had lifted his great head completely out of the water and was lecturing the British and Bulgarian champions.

Said champions were magically petrified and thus they were mentally terrified as they lay there at the mercy of the great dragon.

The entire area was under magical wards that prevented non-magicals from disturbing the ancient dragon. Any magicals who enteredâ€| did so at their own risk.

The sky was a deep blackish-purple, filled with stars. Robert had conjured a nice table with Mammy at one end and Grandpa at the other. The area was lit with floating orbs of light conjured by Harry.

"I 'ave seen Peludaâ€| 'e is nozzing like zisâ€| 'e is also dead." Fleur said in awe.

"Ollie nearly died when Saint Patrick came to Ireland." Harry said conversationally. "Of course, that's just because he accidentally swallowed a nearby drunk.

"Saint Patrick caught up to him and they had a talk. Ollie wasn't a threat so Saint Patrick wasn't after him. Now, Stoorworm, he got himself killed." Harry said as he got into his subject. "He didn't pay attention to his surroundings and piss-" "Harry!" "-ermâ€| angered a local village." Harry deftly avoided Cathy's ire. "If you dig deep enough in Iceland you can find his bones."

"'Ave you seen zem?" Fleur asked with interested, Harry had successfully distracted her from Ollie.

"No, but I want to. Stoorworm was an idiot, he came up to a shore and stayed there for days. Every morning he woke up and yawned, as a result he sucked up seven different things every morning and annoyed the villagers. So they called for heroes and had him slain."

"You like dragons?" Fleur asked with an amused smile.

"I like all animals. I want to study to be a vet." Harry shrugged. "What do you want to be?"

"I do not know." She sighed. "Zis is my last year at Beauxbatons. I want to study magicâ€|" She gave another sigh. "It is 'ard to explain. I like creating wards and studying 'ow to take zem down. I 'ad considered applying to be a Curse Breaker at Gringottsâ€| butâ€|

ze Eenglishâ€| "

"Say no more." Harry assured her. "I know of some ward experts. They focus on wards to keep dangerous animals contained and to protect people and homes from them.

"Last year, there was a Nundu loose in South Africa. Some of them went and used wards to set up a trap for it and to prevent it from entering nearby towns and villages."

"'Ow do you know these people?" Fleur asked with eager curiosity.

"They mainly work at the Phoenix Preserve. The largest concentration of sentient magical creatures in this area. Only Brazil and Japan have bigger ones."

"I 'ave never used a ward for traps." She mused thoughtfully.

"We also use them to separate individual animals from herds and packs so we can treat and examine them."

Fleur looked at the boy opposite her. Granted he was only fourteen, but he spoke about his subject like an expert.

"You know 'ow to make zese wards?"

Harry gave a casual nod. "Sure. I set some up around my home. The local reptiles know I can talk to them so they come and visit. My wards make sure they only take a specific route so they aren't noticed and don't attack anyone if they are."

"Can you show me zese wards?" She asked hopefully. "Can I meet ze people who caught ze nundu?"

"Ermâ€| I guess. I don't know when you can meet the guys, I am heading there on the 2nd with Dermo, heâ€| erâ€| heâ€|" Harry was looking around the table and area. "Where the feck did everyone go?" He asked no one.

Mammy, Mark, Robertâ€| they were all gone. Even Ollie had sunk back beneath the lake.

Fleur and Harry were alone at the table, by the lake, with only candlelight for illumination.

"Zey left us!" Fleur said with a hint of panic. She was staring at the lake in case the massive dragon decided he was now hungry.

"That's just plain rude." Harry grumbled.

"We should call for 'elp!"

Harry shot out of his seat, wand in hand. "What? What do you see?" He asked as he scanned the lake.

Fleur was surprised at how quickly he moved. "I, er, I see nothing, but we are stranded here, non?"

"Oh." Harry said in relief, plopping back down in his chair. "I can get us home. We will just need to clean up. I can't believe they didn't even stay to clear the table." He said in disgust. He began casually waving his wand and vanishing the left overs. He summoned the large plastic box they had used to transport the food and began filling it with the left overs.

Once that was done he ended the conjurations on the chairs and table. Then he began conjuring a deck chair for himself and Fleur.

"What are you doing?" Fleur asked curiously.

"Figured I might as well enjoy the stars." Harry shrugged, he went to sit down and paused. "I can take you back to the house, if you want."

Fleur thought for a moment. "You will tell me more about wards and 'ow zey are used on animals?"

"If you want. I'm not an expert though. I mainly know about biology and chemistry."

Fleur gave a confident nod and carefully arranged her long dress as she sat daintily in the chair.

\* \* \*

><p>Harry and Fleur stayed by the lake until after sunrise, they then headed home where Fleur was treated to the sight of Harry berating his family for leaving him there.<p>

Said family just smiled indulgently.

Robert had already shipped the other two champions back to Scotland, he was now about to take Fleur back.

"I will wait for your owl, 'Arry."

"Ermâ€| we don't use owls." Harry responded with a look of distaste. "But don't worry, I'll get a letter to you with the date and time."

"Merci." She smiled before following Robert out of the Brown residence.

Harry turned round to find Mammy and Cathy grinning at him. "What?"

"Did you enjoy your evening?" Cathy asked, grin firmly affixed.

"It was alright. We had an interesting conversation." Harry admitted.

"And now you're exchanging letters." Mammy said knowingly.

Harry frowned. "Just the one. She wants to meet the warders and trappers at the zoo. I said I'd ask if she could visit them."

"And you will be accompanying her?"



"Dunno." He shrugged. "After I give her the time and date of her appointment she won't need my help. I might see her there if I am already there. Besides, this is her last year of school, she might want to wait till she leaves so I might be in school when she visits."

"No, no, no." Mammy scowled. "You will accompany her and be her guide, just like a true gentlemen should."

"She has a boyfriend." Harry said dryly.

"Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh'." Harry rolled his eyes. "Did you really think I wouldn't catch on to why you left?"

"Ermâ€¦"

"If she wants to be my friend then fine. But I told you not to butt into Mark and Cathy's relationships so don't butt into mine."

"You did?" Cathy looked between Mammy and Harry in shock.

"I don't know what he's talking about." Mammy put on an affronted look as she quickly walked off.

"Mammyyyyâ€¦"

\* \* \*

><p>"You really do like animals."<p>

Harry turned around from the red deer hind he had been working on. "Fleur, I didn't think you'd be visiting here so soon."

"I enjoyed what you told me. It sounded interesting so I asked mon pere to let me visit. I do not 'ave long before I must decide what job I want."

"Still interested?" Harry gave a grimace as he gestured to the little 'gift' the hind had just dropped.

Fleur laughed. "I do not mind animals, but I am more interested in wards." She gestured to the waist high wooden fence she was leaning on. It was heavily enchanted to not break and not let animals in or out unless a handler let them.

Harry looked at the fence thoughtfully. "I know just the thing." He said as he took off his gloves.

Harry led Fleur out of the built up area of the zoo to a more open area. It was a small field of grass filled with sheep. They seemed a bit skittish. All around people were walking and talking, carrying out chores that the zoo required. But it wasn't just human witches and wizards who worked at the zoo. There were centaurs, sirens, leprechauns, giantsâ€¦ there were even merfolk in a large lake.

The Phoenix Park Magical Preserve was connected to the non-magical park. It was also much bigger than the non-magicals suspected.

"This is the feeding pen. These guys will one day fill the belly of some of our meat eaters." Harry explained. "One of the giants who works here tripped the other day and broke the fence, we put most of the wards back up so the sheep are safe, but they need another ward that makes them forget they are surrounded by predators.

"Why don't you give it a shot?" Harry gestured to the fence.

"Should we not leave it for zeâ€¦ professionals?" She frowned.

"We all start somewhere lass." A centaur said cheerfully as he passed by with a bale of hay on his back.

"We can always take it down an' try again later. We only need the wards up so that they are protected if an animal gets loose."

\* \* \*

><p>"So how was your day, son?"<p>

Harry looked at Mammy with suspicion.

She gave an exasperated sigh and went back to cleaning her kitchen. "It's not my fault that girl came here first to see if you would go with her to the preserve. I'm none too happy that you didn't wait for her."

"She didn't tell me she would be coming today." Harry shrugged.

"So, when ya going to see her next?" She asked as she giggled like a school girl.

\* \* \*

><p>Harry didn't see Fleur until the 24th of February, the morning of the second task. It was on the shores of Lough Ree that the three other competitors popped into existence. Naturally the British didn't think that they would be summoned again, even though they had argued, pleaded and threatened to have the Goblet returned to Hogwarts.<p>

Harry was already there with a his family, Robert, Arthur and Ollie. The other two male champions quailed at the sight of Ollie who was fully above the water, only his legs submerged to his knees.

All the champions were dressed in swimsuits that covered their torsos.

"Your task is simple." Arthur informed them all. "You will traverse the lake and find a glowing red life buoy. When you find it you will be transported back to the shore.

"Incidentally, in keeping with the riddle held in your eggsâ€¦" He cast a spell on each of them. "Should you fail to reach a buoy within an hour, you will find your clothes have vanished and thusâ€¦ you will sorely miss your modesty." Arthur grinned.

Robert pulled out a whistle. "On my mark! Three, two, one-"  
\*\*\*PHWEEEEET\*\*\*

The now very worried champions headed for the lake at a dead sprint, they didn't notice that Fleur couldn't move.

Arthur jogged up to her. "Just to assuage any fears, your clothes will merely shrink to that of an indecent swimming costume."

She seemed to relax a bit at that.

"Mammy and I will be waiting for you as well." Cathy added as she held up a bathrobe.

Arthur patted her shoulder and she headed off.

As her head vanished beneath the shores they turned to Olliepeist.

"Master Olliepeist, how are they doing?" Arthur asked respectfully.

The giant dragon stretched its long neck to look behind it and into the water. "Hmph, I told you this would be a pointless task for young Harry."

"He found it already?" Dermot asked in surprise.

Ollie just snorted. "Of course not. Some of the mer-children have found them and they have given them to Harry."

"That wasn't part of the task." Arthur frowned.

"Then you should have specified some rules." Ollie turned back, grinning at them.

"As long as the contract is fulfilled it doesn't really matter." Sirius said firmly. "We all agreed to make this as easy as possible just to get it done with. Harry 'found' the buoy in the hands of someone elseâ€¦| \_he\_ still \_found\_ it."

At that moment Harry came splashing out of the lake, the others were surprised to see Fleur behind him.

"Ollie, does this count?" Harry frowned as he indicated the buoys they held.

"It does, my young friend. You have completed the task as required. Did you not see the other two champions?"

Harry looked a little guilty as Fleur managed to giggle through the cold that saturated her very being. "I gave their buoys back to the kids. Told them to make them hide them."

Arthur looked very serious as he turned to Mammy and tried not to laugh. "Mrs Brown, would you be so kind as to escort Champions Potter and Delacour to the city? I believe I should invite Hogwarts and Durmstrung to come and collect their own champions."

"Sirius, Dermot, you take these two back." Mammy said as she wrapped the girl in the bathrobe and Cathy did the same with Harry. She saw the curious looks she was getting. "They may be dumb as two thick ones, but they were quite nice to look at." She said

unashamedly.

"Fecking pervert." Dermot muttered as he walked up and grabbed Harry by the shoulders.

\* \* \*

><p>Harry and Fleur were left to wait in a conference room at the NCBI headquarters in Dublin. Sirius and Dermot said they wanted to go and see the other champions make fools of themselves.<p>

Unfortunately for Harry, they couldn't leave without giving him some suggestive winks.

Fleur looked at him curiously as the door closed.

Harry just sighed in defeat as he sat at the table. "After the Yule Ball they kept pestering me and saying we wereâ€¦ you know, dating." He explained. "I told them you had a boyfriend."

Fleur was surprised. "I do not 'ave a boyfriend."

Harry just gave a small smile. "Yeah, but they didn't know that. It just meant they wouldn't pester you. Besides, you had a date for the ball at Hogwarts."

"Ha!" She gave a derisive laugh and sat opposite him at the conference table. "Ze Goblet summoning us saved me from an 'orrible night. My \_date\_ could barely control 'imself, 'e was actually drooling."

Harry looked disgusted.

"When we returned after ze picnic, I found 'e 'ad told everyone I 'ad 'ad sex with 'im."

"If you want, I can ask one of my reptile friends to bite him. I bet even Ollie would love to make a return trip to scare the bastards."

Fleur laughed. "Zank you. But I showed 'im why it is a bad idea to anger a veela."

"Good." Harry said firmly.

They sat there for a few minutes in silence.

"I have an idea of how we could pass the time, if you're interested." Harry offered.

\* \* \*

><p>The following day Harry and Mammy had a good laugh as they saw the latest headlines in the papers. Even the Daily Prophet had embarrassing photos of the two older male champions emerging from the lake with their hands strategically placed.<p>

They were still laughing when Dermot and Robert walked into the kitchen with rather serious looks.

"Harry, son, could we have a word in private?" Robert asked gravely.

"What's this about, then?" Mammy demanded, tucking her tea towel into her apron.

"Mammy, this is a private conversation." Dermot said firmly. "Nothing serious, we just need to..." He looked to Robert for help.

"We just need to clear somethings up with Harry. A few... personal details. I swear, Mrs Brown, there is nothing to worry about. For anyone."

Robert was a trusted friend of the family. That Easter he was due to be family when he and Cathy got married.

"Alright, Harry knows where to find me if he wants to talk." She said pointedly, it was clear she was reluctant to let this go.

"Let's use my room." Dermot offered.

Five minutes later Harry was very confused as he watched Robert put up several wards.

Robert conjured some chairs for he and Dermot as Harry sat on the bed.

"Harry... when we came back to Dublin yesterday, we actually arrived a bit before we picked up you and Fleur." Robert explained.

The older men shared an uncomfortable look. Neither wanted to have this conversation.

Dermot sighed and then continued for the pair. "We heard some... noises coming from the room you were waiting in. Specific noises."

"I didn't hear anything weird." Harry frowned. "Did someone maybe leave a privacy ward up?"

The men blushed.

"We heard Fleur... she was..."

"Chanting?" Dermot offered for the older man.

"For want of a better word." Robert allowed.

"We definitely weren't doing any magic." Harry assured them.

Dermot snorted a laugh but was silenced by Robert's glare.

"She was repeating your name." Robert continued. "Intensely."

Dermot became frustrated and lost his calm. "Oh fer feck's- we heard you and tha' French girl 'aving sex yesterday."

Harry's eyes were very wide. The only reason he wasn't blushing was because he was shocked.

"Dermot!" Robert snarled.

"It was obvious!" Dermot stood up and paced. "Everyone who walked by heard it! \_'Harrrrrry! Hhhhaaarrrryyy!'\_"

"Dermot Brown you sit down and shut up or I will knock you out with my fist!" Robert ordered.

There was a snort from the bed. The two men looked to see Harry fit to burst. And then he did. Laughing his head off.

"Harry?"

They were ignored as the teen laughed his way to the door. They followed him downstairs where they found him being observed by an amused Mammy and Grandpa.

"T-Tell them!" Harry said through laboured breaths of mirth.

And so Dermot did.

"I don't see what's so funny 'bout this." Dermot glared at his little brother. "What if you got her pregnant?"

"Harry? Care to explain?" Mammy asked calmly. She had a lot of trust in her youngest. Only Trevor had the same consideration.

"Ok... ok." Harry took some calming breaths. "First of all, you can apologise to Fleur for thinking so badly of her." He pointed at his brother and future brother-in-law. "Then you can congratulate her on finally being able to pronounce her H's properly. She was saying my name because I was helping her with her accent." Harry looked at them like little boys who thought they had seen a UFO when it was just a street light in the fog.

"Accent?" Dermot asked with puzzlement.

"Yes. She can now say 'Harry', 'Hospital', 'Hogwarts', 'the', 'these' and so on."

"You took away her accent?" Dermot asked again, a little bit of panic.

"Yes!"

"Fecking hell! That was what made her so fecking sexy! You moron!"

"Dermot Brown!" Mammy snapped.

"Moron."

Mammy picked up a pot from the sideboard and whacked Grandpa over the head.

\* \* \*

><p>Harry received quite a few letters from Fleur over the months leading up to Easter. He himself was busy preparing for the wedding.

Cathy had planned on having him help her... Robert had saved him by making him a member of the Grooms Party.<p>

He did manage to reply to Fleur's letters though.

He just wasn't sure if he was getting mixed signals. This led him to the Dublin Magical Hospital to the one person he trusted with this type of problem and not make fun of him.

Cassandra O'Reilly was a Siren, with looks to match. Perfect figure, long red hair, green eyes that rivalled Harry's, and a voice that could charm a hag. She was a magical being and centuries old.

"She certainly seems to like you." She assured Harry as they sat in a small restaurant near the hospital having lunch. "And she seems to be leaning to liking you as more than a friend." She smiled fondly at her favourite human male.

"But how do I know for sure?" Harry practically pleaded. "She could be a good friend and I don't want to lose that."

"Harry, are you romantically attracted to her?" Cassie asked softly.

Harry just shrugged. "I could be, if I wanted to. She's a great person. Beautiful, interesting."

Cassie forced herself not to sigh. Her little Harry had a large lock on his heart. He only gave his trust freely to his animal friends. Everyone else, like her, had to earn it. The Brown family had been the first. As a result of this he had never had a girlfriend as he refused to let himself think of people like that. It had taken him a while to warm up to Betty.

"Sweetheart, sometimes you have to take a leap of faith." She half reasoned half pleaded with him.

And so, a few weeks later, Fleur turned up at the zoo with a smile on her face as she searched for him. It was the Easter break for Harry and the Spring Holidays for Fleur. Hogwarts and Durmstrang didn't have a spring holiday so they had stayed in school. Technically Beauxbatons was forgoing their spring holiday but Fleur had reasoned that she would be spending her holiday in Ireland getting work experience at the Magical Preserve.

"Harry!"

Harry was sitting astride a broomstick and about to kick off when he heard the familiar French accent call his name. He couldn't help but feel his stomach clench and the sensation of ice water moving through his back and arms.

"Hey Fleur." He returned the greeting with a smile.

She reached him and paused, a frown replacing her smile. "Is something wrong?" She could see... trepidation in his eyes.

"Not really. I was just going out to check on the wyverns."

"Oh, may I accompany you?" She asked hopefully. She spoke clearly and

purposefully as she tried to make sure she pronounced all the English sounds. But Dermot was wrong, her accent was still strong.

"Aaron took the last broom." A wizard nearby informed them. "You'll have to ride on Harry's broom."

Harry looked Fleur up and down with a critical eye. She was wearing a pale blue summer dress. "You didn't exactly come dressed for broom sticks."

She lightly slapped his arm and gently forced herself in front of Harry to sit side saddle. She then looked up at him and smirked.

"A lady is always prepared, Harry." The wizard chuckled. "Here." He passed Fleur a rucksack. "Some supplies for the merfolk. As you're going as well you can make a detour on the way back and Harry can drop them off and you can have a look at the underwater wards whilst he does."

Fleur's eyes lit up at that idea.

"Get going Harry. Time's a wasting." The wizard grinned.

Harry just sighed, he reached around Fleur grab the end of the broom and kicked off.

"You know, Cassie is gonna kill you if she finds out you've been meddling." The wizard turned to see a blonde female witch standing there.

"Nah. You saw the girl. She's smitten with the lad." The wizard grinned. "All I did was clear out some obstacles for her."

The witch sighed. "Fine, just don't expect us to bail you out if King Vasuki comes by because he heard Harry was upset."

The wizard gulped. Harry didn't know this, but, The King of the Nagas had placed the young Parselmouth under his personal protection. Every day the King fended off more and more pleas and proposals for a marriage to the boy.

\* \* \*

><p>"Are there any dragons here? Like Master Olliepeist?" Fleur asked curiously as Harry cast several spells over the clutch of eggs of the anxiously waiting wyvern mother.<p>

Harry didn't answer for a few moments until he had finished his spells. \_"They're all healthy, Mother."\_ Harry hissed to the relieved wyvern.

\_"Thank you Little Speaker. You will come back and check them later?"\_

\_"Give a bellow if there are problems, you have a perfect nest for a first time mother."\_ He assured her.

The female wyvern practically purred as Harry led Fleur away.

"Sorry about, she was nervous about her eggs. They are her first."



Harry explained. "No dragons live here, but this preserve is under Ollie's protection."

"So... the merpeople?" She asked.

"Yep. It's gonna take us about fifteen minutes to get there though. I can't fly as fast with a passenger."

"Did you just say I am fat?"

"Fleur, I have a mother and a sister. I have friends at school who are girls. I'm not dumb enough to comment on your weight." Harry answered calmly.

"Hmm."

Harry allowed himself a small smile. "Your intelligence, however, is certainly in question if you didn't know a broomstick can't travel as fast with two people as it does with one."

"'Arry!"

Harry laughed as her accent slipped and she tried to hit his shoulder, he ran off to the waiting broomstick. "Besides, who'd be dumb enough to enter a contest where you might die!" He called over his shoulder.

They arrived at a large natural lake, it had an underground connection to the Irish Sea.

"At least it isn't as cold as back in February." Harry sighed as he removed his shirt and trousers.

"Harry! What are you doing?" Fleur was shocked.

"Getting ready for a swim." Harry frowned. He was down to his boxers and cast a charm that made them tighten up like swim shorts. "You can wait here if you want. Or try and transfigure your dress into a swim suit."

"Is there no changing room?" She asked nervously.

Harry shook his head. "We just tend to do temporary transfigurations. We all wear clean underwear, the ladies usually wear a long t-shirt for modesty."

Harry turned his back to her. "Stick your wand down your dress and transfigure your underwear."

"I am finished." She announced a few seconds later.

Harry turned around to see her wearing a full swimsuit that was the exact same colour as her dress. "Let's go then. It's a twenty minute swim to the village and then you will want to see the wards I guess."

\* \* \*

><p>Both Harry and Fleur were blushing madly as they flew back to the preserve's offices. A little fact that Harry had forgotten to mention

was that his own transfigurations tended to revert after an hour.<p>

Not exactly a problem as he could reapply it non-verbally. He hadn't thought it worth mentioning as no one else had that issue.

Transfiguration was not Fleur's strong suit.

Both of them had used a standard bubble-head charm to breathe, Harry had sent Fleur off in the direction of the wards whilst he met with the villagers.

He didn't pay attention to the time and when he eventually went to find Fleur, she was floating in the water, her eyes locked on the warding stones.

In her dress.

Again, not exactly an issue.

If Veela had a need for underwear.

Fleur had quickly reapplied the transfiguration... but the damage was done. Hence the blushing and silent embarrassment.

It was nearing four o'clock when they arrived back, Dermot was waiting for him. "Hello Fleur." He smiled at her... then winced as he imagined the device giving him a shock. He wasn't wearing it but the response was now Pavlovian. "They told me you were here with Harry. Mammy said to invite you home for dinner."

"Oh... er... uh... "

"No pressure, luv." Dermot assured her. "I bet Harry told you that the Brown home ain't exactly... normal."

"Dermo, she's probably looking forward to eating with her family. This is her holiday after all." Harry reasoned. He was well aware of what his mother could be like.

"I am here alone." Fleur admitted. "I am staying in Dublin, a- er bed and breakfast?"

Dermot just snorted. "Feck that. Mammy would skin us alive if she heard we let you stay alone in the city by yourself. Especially if you're a friend of Harry's.

"You can take Cathy's room. She can go stay at Mark's place."

Harry observed his brother with narrowed eyes. "You just want her out of the house to do her wedding planning."

"Come on kids!" Dermot flushed slightly. "You don't keep Agnes Brown waiting if you value your life."

\* \* \*

><p>"I don't know, kids these days." Mammy sighed in exasperation. "Thinking you could just stay in a bed and breakfast, a sweet thing

like you." She was pottering about the kitchen preparing breakfast as Fleur sat there hunched over, fairly stiff and uncomfortable.<p>

Harry was fairly bored, elbow on the table, head in his hand, the other tracing a pattern on the table cloth. "Mammy, are we supposed to berate guests like this?"

Mammy froze. She hated when Harry used that 'innocent' tone on her. He got it from Trevor. Both boys were usually right when about whatever they were calling her out on.

She sat down grumpily at the table in her usual spot. It was the perfect position so she could see the audience.

Harry was on her right and Fleur her left.

"You're not supposed to correct your mother either." She grumbled. She turned to Fleur. "I'm sorry sweetheart, us old folk like to find a bone and gnaw on it. Gna! Gna! Gna!" She cackled madly at her impression. "Do you have any problems with any type of food? Are you a veggie, dear?"

"Non, Mrs Brown. I prefer light food, but I eat meat and dairy."

"Dairy? Some people don't eat dairy?" She asked in surprise.

"Ou- Yes, they call themselves, 'vegan'. They won't eat anything that came from an animal."

"Merciful Father." She muttered heavenward. "What will they think of next?"

"Oh, but I am not one." Fleur rushed to reassure her.

Mammy patted her hand with a smile. "That's because you're a sensible girl. Still, I'll just give you some of Cathy's food. It will probably sit better in that pretty tummy of yours." She smiled at the girl's blush.

"Harry, take Fleur to the living room. Watch some TV or talk or something. You don't need to be out here listening to me complain about the state of the world." She ordered as she stood. "And send that useless lump in here. About time he pulled his weight!" She called to their retreating backs.

"I heard, I heard." Grandpa scowled as he passed the two teens. He then paused, his hand on the door. He held up a finger for Harry to wait a moment as he silently moved to the cupboard under the stairs. He reached around the ceiling before pulling out some cash that only Harry and Trevor knew he kept there.

"Here ya go, son." He handed Harry several fifty pound notes. "You and the lady go and have a proper dinner. I'll square it with your Ma." He said firmly.

Harry nodded. "Thanks Grandpa."

"Back by ten and send a message if you're gonna be late."

\* \* \*

><p>After a brief discussion as they walked along the road, they agreed to eat at a small Chinese restaurant in the city. Harry often ate there with Cassie as it was close to the hospital.<p>

They were half way through the meal when Fleur's impatience got the better of her. "Harry, what is bothering you? You seem so sad."

Harry put his chopsticks down and looked her in the eye. "Fleur, do you want to try a romantic relationship between us? Boyfriend and girlfriend?"

Her eyes widened and her cheeks flushed.

Harry's eyes drooped close sadly and he picked up his chopsticks again. "Never mind."

"Wait!" He hand reached across the two person round table and closed over his. "Why did you ask?"

"Your letters. Your visits. You came to find me when you arrived in Ireland. You could have gone straight to the preserve. This time you did, I guess. But you still came and found me and... you always stand close to me, lean in to me, touch me." He looked down at her hand on his and she withdrew it as though burnt.

"I guess, I was just getting the wrong impression. It doesn't matter. I just didn't want to lose you as a friend."

"I- C-Can't we be both?" She asked timidly.

Harry looked up slowly, cautiously. "I hear that's the best way."

"Ma mere and mon pere... they are best friends. Mama always says so."

"I've never had a girlfriend."

"I've never had a boyfriend." Fleur countered.

"Is it always supposed to be this... stressful?" Harry asked as he shifted in his seat awkwardly.

"How would I know?" She challenged with a small smile.

"I hope you don't mind asking your parents for tips... asking mine would be a nightmare." Harry shuddered.

"I will be in Dublin for two weeks. Then I return to school in Scotland." She informed him. "But, we visit the village, Hogsmede, on weekends."

Harry shook his head. "I can't go to Britain. They keep trying to kidnap me... remember the first time you saw me?"

Fleur scowled at the memory. "Oui. I remember. I must speak with my

father tomorrow."

"Erm... haven't we just started dating?" Harry asked as the blood drained from his face. Memories of Mammy scaring off Dermot and Cathy's dates coming to mind.

Fleur laughed. "Non! We have just agreed to date. I need to talk to 'im about Hogwarts and Britain. About the Tournament."

Her mirth vanished and the scowl reappeared. "The Tournament, it is a joke. We were told it was safe. There would be no deaths. No mistakes.

"They could not stop your name coming out! But that is nothing... they were happy you were there. They didn't care you didn't enter. They didn't care you were kidnapped.

"But then, they use ze wyverns! I did not know until I came to the preserve that they are protected by law, and they nearly get eggs crushed!

"Their ministry... they lie. They tell us you asked to enter. We saw, all at 'Ogwarts, you did not want to be there. But they believe their ministry." She said scathingly. "The Tournament is over." She said decisively. "We only have the contract to fulfil. I do not wish to stay at Hogwarts anymore, or Beauxbatons. Madame Maxime is agreeing with the Ministry about you. It is disgusting. I must tell mon pere to not let my sister go there."

Fleur sat there, face flushed, chest heaving. She looked up to see Harry dropping several notes on the table before he stood up and dragged her out of the restaurant.

"Harry! We had not finished!" She protested.

Harry didn't answer as he dragged her into a nearby alley. "You need to try and relax. You're leaking."

Fleur looked outraged and ashamed as she looked down, it was obvious she was checking for leakage from two separate places.

"No!" Harry was mortified. "Your allure! You were about to be assaulted by every man in the restaurant!"

The outrage was replaced with her own mortification.

"Just try and relax, I put some wards up in the alley so we should be safe."

Fleur leaned against the dirty wall and closed her eyes, focusing on her aura.

Eventually she opened them and she saw Harry looking at her with a bit of worry. She smiled gratefully. "I am fine Harry."

"Come on then. We can head home. You could probably use the rest." Harry hesitantly held out his hand.

She smiled and took it, blushing a little.

They barely exited the alley when- "Well, well, well. We thought you'd done a Houdini on us."

Harry frowned as he saw a group of older teenagers walking up. "I think you've got the wrong people."

"You maybe." The clear leader sneered at him. "But the girl?" He turned a leering gaze at Fleur. "She's exactly who we want."

Fleur moved closer to Harry, her hand moving towards her right thigh where her wand was strapped under her dress.

"Leave us alone or you will remember this night for the rest of your lives. However short they may be."

Fleur was surprised at the cold steel in Harry's voice.

The gang of six or so men laughed.

"Grab the boy." The leader ordered. "He's gotta have some cash after the wad he dropped back at Wang's."

Two large boys moved forward to grab Harry.

They were soon on the floor holding their broken knees.

Fleur had no idea what had happened, she hadn't even seen Harry move.

"Next?" Harry asked calmly.

"Kids got some skills." The leader scowled. He then flicked his wrist as a knife blade appeared.

"Harry-" Fleur was very worried, she wasn't sure on the policy of using magic on non-magicals as self-defence.

Fortunately for her, Harry was quick on the draw as his own wand appeared in his hand and a barrage of spells flew from the tip.

They were on the floor and unconscious in less than three seconds. Harry then pointed his wand above his head for a moment before lowering it.

"You'll need to take your wand out, Fleur." Harry said calmly as he turned to face her. "The coppers need to check it for recent spells."

Fleur's fingers were shaking as she tried to remove her wand from her thigh holster. She was trying not to raise her hem too much as well.

She jumped, hiding behind Harry as three sharp cracks sounded behind them.

"Harry Brown? Is that you, lad?"

"Hey Monty." Harry's voice was tired.

Monty was a tall man with a wide chest. He had red hair and black

eyes. There was a woman in her thirties and a man in his early twenties. They were all in police uniforms.

The young man whistled at the sight of the gang on the floor. "Wow, who took this lot down?"

"Probably Harry here." Monty frowned as he looked Harry and Fleur up and down. "Short story, son."

"We were having dinner. Fleur is Veela and our discussion took a... stressful turn. I took her out of there to that alley. When she was ready we left it and were accosted by these gits. I stopped them."

"Veela?" The young man asked in surprise. "I didn't know there were any in Ireland."

"Fleur's visiting from France."

"Wait, wait!" The man stepped forward waving his hands. "Fleur \_Delacour\_? From that Tournament thing in Britain? Then... you're-"

"James!" The woman barked. "Monty knows the young man. Let's deal with these would be assailants."

"Actually, Mags, could you take Miss Delacour for her statement?" Monty stopped the woman. "Check her for injuries and the like."

The woman looked at Fleur and then scowled. "Of course, foolish of me." She admonished herself. "Let's just step over here, my dear."

"Harry!" Running towards him was Cathy and Robert. "We got your call. Are you ok?"

"Ms Brown, Inspector Foyle." Monty greeted the couple. "I was just about to get a full statement from Harry."

"Cathy, can you check on Fleur?" Harry indicated the two females a few metres away.

"I've got him, Cathy." Robert assured her.

\* \* \*

><p>The next day a bleary eyed Rory answered the front door only to be confronted with the most handsome man he had ever seen.<p>

"Marry me!" Rory slapped his hand over his mouth in horror.

"Monsieur, I regret zat I am already married." The man smirked as he indicated a beautiful blonde woman who was also smiling.

The couple were wearing clearly tailored clothing. Tailored robes.

"I am Sebastian Delacour, this is my wife, Apolline. We were informed that our daughter was attacked last night and is staying here." He

got to the heart of the matter.

"Fleur!" Rory gasped. "Well, I can certainly see where she got her looks." Rory looked appreciatively between the man and woman. "Come in, come in. I'll go and see if she is ready." Rory ushered them onto the sofa.

The couple sat for nearly thirty seconds before they noticed Grandpa in his chair.

"Oh, excuse mois." Sebastian said as he stood and offered his hand. "We are Fleur's parents, Sebastian and Apolline. We want to assure ourselves zat our daughter is fine."

Grandpa just nodded approvingly. "She was in good hands and kept her cool. 'Bout what you'd expect from someone who willingly challenges a wyvern!" Grandpa laughed.

Sebastian chuckled politely but Apolline was looking ready to spit nails. "Zose fools?! Zey put my child at risk! Zey made 'er commit international crimes!"

"Ma Chere." Sebastian tried to calm his wife.

"That old fool lied to you as well, eh?" Grandpa said sympathetically.

"If you mean Albus Dumbledore, zen yes." Apolline scowled.

"Mama, Papa!"

The couple stood and caught their eldest as she ran to their arms.

Grandpa watched fondly and a little sadly as the sight of them reminded him of times past from his own son and his grandchildren. It was only months ago that he had done the same thing when the family had rescued Harry from Hogwarts in October.

Speaking of Harry, he was descending the stairs just behind Rory.

"Mama, Papa, this is Harry. He saved us last night." Fleur said with a smile. "He is my boyfriend. We started dating yesterday."

Fleur squeaked in surprise as her mother dragged away sharply.

This left Harry to face her father alone.

Grandpa frowned as he saw his namesake deflate in resignation. His grandson needed a proper holiday.

"You zink you can just claim my daughter without asking me?" Sebastian glared with open hostility.

Harry just stood there, staring at the man's mouth.

"Nozzing to say? I know all about you." The man sneered.

Something changed in Harry. If you were looking for it you would



notice the spark in his eyes, the ways his nose tightened slightly.

"That's nice."

Grandpa relaxed and smiled. Harry's tongue was as sharp as his viper friends. He just rarely employed it.

"Always in ze newspapers. Always wasting ze time of ze ICW. I would never let my Fleur near you."

"You allowed her to take part in a Tournament with a constant death rate." Harry shot back. "What? You don't want her dating but killing her is fine?"

"'Ow dare you!"

"How dare you!" Harry roared. "You've never met me. I guarantee the people who wrote the newspaper articles never met me. You have nothing but the British lies to judge me on.

"You, however." Harry sneered. "You come to my home. Insult me. Threaten my relationship with Fleur, even though it isn't a day old. You ignore the fact that your daughter was nearly assaulted yesterday... I have plenty to judge you on."

"Insolent child!" Sebastian raised his hand... and then went flying backwards over the sofa.

They'd forgotten Rory.

The usually meek tittering Rory was red faced with anger. His knuckles were bleeding. He looked perfectly ready to deliver further punches.

"Get out."

Harry placed a calming hand on his brother's shoulder. "Remember Fleur."

Rory's face drained of colour as he saw the shocked looks on Fleur and her mother.

Harry barely managed to catch him as he fainted. "DERMOT!"

Fleur, however, had jumped over her unconscious father and was conjuring a cot to lay Rory on. Harry drew his own wand and began healing his hand as Dermot thundered down the stairs.

"What the fuck is going on?!" He demanded as he saw Rory and the strange man out cold.

"My apologies, Monsieur, my 'usband was concerned for our daughter, but 'e acted... badly. 'E tried to strike 'Arry but ze ozzer man stopped 'im." Apolline bowed low.

Dermot looked at her with star struck eyes. "Wow... ow! Dammit!"

\* \* \*

><p>Sebastian Delacour woke up to find uniformed police officers standing over him.<p>

"Mr Delacour, you have been accused by multiple witnesses of attempted assault on a minor. As such, you are being taken into custody pending a further investigation."

Sebastian looked at the officer in shock, he quickly reached for his wand-

"We have confiscated your wand pending the outcome of the investigation."

An icy cold feeling flooded Sebastian's stomach. He hadn't realised these were magical police.

Once the police and Sebastian were gone, Fleur broke down in tears against her mother's shoulder.

"I cannot believe him!" She sobbed. "Why would he do that? Why would he say those things?"

"He seemed so nice." Rory said as he nibbled nervously on his knuckles. "But then he met Harry and... it was like a switch was flipped."

Harry put a comforting arm around his older brother. He was very grateful that Rory had defended him. Not that he ever doubted him.

"I do not know." Apolline shook her head. "Again, I apologise."

"He can apologise for himself." Mammy said firmly. "I never apologised for Regger and I won't expect you to apologise for your husband."

"Does 'e really believe ze papers?" Fleur asked, her accent slipping with her emotions.

Apolline was clearly stumped. "I do not know. I 'ave read ze same newspapers and zey 'ave never... zey were like a different boy to ze 'Arry you described."

"Did Pappa not read my letters?"

"I read zem to him. He zen read zem 'imself."

"He'll be checked for spells, potions and compulsions before his interview." Robert told them. He and Cathy had rushed over as soon as they were called. "They will also try and figure out the entire timeline that lead to his... dislike of Harry."

\* \* \*

><p>"He's an arsehole."<p>

"Monty!" Cathy chided the Wizarding Police Office.

"Well he is." Monty grumbled. "He was under no compulsions, potions or spells. He didn't actually care about Harry or what the European

papers said. That was all ammunition for when Miss Delacour announced her relationship with Harry."

"So he was being an over protective father?" Harry asked.

"No, he was being a criminal by assaulting a minor."

"E as always been a very loving father and 'usband." Apolline sighed. "But I always worried about 'ow he would react to 'is daughters leaving 'ome and finding their own 'usband. 'E 'as 'eard many 'orror stories about 'ow Veela are treated."

"Welcome to Ireland." Mammy said sarcastically.

"Mammy!"

"Cathy!" She parroted back. "We have sirens, centaurs, dwarves, leprechauns... nobody treats them any different. It's just those backwards Europeans."

"Correct me if I'm wrong, Cathy, but isn't your fiance's grandmother a siren?" She said pointedly.

"Really?" Fleur asked. Harry was pleased to see her peaking up a bit.

Robert just smiled. "And my Aunt is one too. Like Veela, the women in the family are always sirens. Any daughters I have will probably just be human though."

"Do zey register wiz ze ICW?" Apolline asked curiously.

"\_Nobody\_ registers with the ICW." Harry scoffed. "Other than the basic census that includes \_all\_ sentient people, the ICW doesn't care. They don't register wizards and witches for having wands so they don't register sirens and veela for being more attractive than humans or centaurs for having hooves."

"But-"

"You are registering with your country's government." Robert explained. "Many of the European countries are stuck in pre-Victorian times. Others, like Ireland, Italy and Germany are more... 'forward thinking'. The northern countries especially."

"China and Russia are certainly strict and discriminatory, but America, Japan... most of the pacific, are open minded and understanding."

"We were told it was for the ICW." Fleur frowned.

"These are the same people who signed up your school for the tournament. Who have been blaming the whole debacle on Harry."

"They have?!" Harry was shocked. "I am \_never\_ voluntarily going to Britain or anyone like them."

"Yeah, yeah." Dermot broke in impatiently. "Ireland is great and the rest of the world suck d-" "Dermot!" "What we doing about Fleur's dad?"

"He's being asked to leave the country." Monty answered. "He has been warned to stay away from Harry and his family. He puts a toe out of line and we arrest and charge him."

Apolline stood up and set her shoulders. Robert and Monty copied her and the Brown boys copied them. "I would like to see my 'husband, please." She requested formally. "I must ensure 'e is safely 'ome. Fleur-"

"I will stay in Ireland, Mama." Fleur said firmly but quietly. "If I go with you to France then Papa will try and force me to stay there."

Apolline looked sad. "I understand. Please write to me often."

"Mama-" Fleur began hesitantly. "Gabrielle, please, send her to me here."

Apolline frowned. She turned to her hosts. "Would you please excuse us for a moment?"

"Everybody in the kitchen!" Mammy ordered brusquely. She turned to Apolline. "Do us a favour, luv, if you put up privacy charms, make sure you take them down afterwards, it's hard enough getting these boys to listen when they can hear me!"

Apolline smiled in amusement. "Of course."

The hatch to the kitchen was shut along with door.

Ten seconds later the door reopened and Mammy stormed in. "Get up you old coot!" She started whacking the sleeping Grandpa with her tea towel.

It was ten minutes later that Apolline knocked on the kitchen door.

"Madame Brown, I 'ave a personal request to make of your family." She addressed the matriarch and her brood with a slight bow. "My 'usband is... I must speak with 'im, alone. 'Is actions are not the same as 'oo I married. Fleur 'as told me zat veela would be welcomed and cherished 'ere. Is zis true?"

"Fleur's the first veela I've ever met." Mammy admitted. "But I've met Robert's gran and she's a siren."

There was a knock on the front door.

"That's for me." Robert said as he stood quickly.

"Don't forget Cassie." Cathy added.

"And Harry's friends at school, some of them are non-human magicals, right luv?" Rory prompted.

"Jack's part leprechaun. Hussain has an aunt or something that is a Nhang. Andy's dad is a werewolf. Rachel is a siren too." Harry listed off.

"Nhang?" Fleur queried.

"Bit like a siren, but they can shape shift between seal and woman." Harry answered as Robert walked in with a beautiful woman with hair, black as night and eyes like sapphires.

"Apolline, Fleur, this is my Grandmother, Keela Mullins. Gran, this Apolline Delacour and her daughter, Fleur. They are Veela from France."

At this point the Brown family's eyes glazed over as Keela smiled and launched into a rapid, fluent and elegant conversation... in French.

After a few moments Mammy spoke up... and the family cringed.

"Erm, excuse-ey mwah." Honestly, she was trying and not mocking.

"Erm... vu lay vu... er... tea?" She finished with a shrug.

"Mammy! You speak French?" Dermot was shocked... along with the rest of the family

Mammy looked down and fiddled with her tea towel. "Well... a lady's got to have some mystique."

"Patti LaBelle?"

Mammy blushed at the smirking Keela. Then she just grinned back. "I used to use that line on my Regger, got him really randy!"

"MAMMY!" Came the collective cries of despair and horror.

Keela just laughed. "Come on Aggie." She said in her soft lilting accent. "Let's take Polly out for lunch. We can show her the best parts of Erin."

"Erin go bragh!" Mammy said proudly as she raised a fist in the air.

\* \* \*

><p>Sebastian Delacour was escorted off of Ireland by Monty and accompanied by his wife. Fleur remained behind. She would be staying with Keela to try and keep the strain off of the Brown family who were now in the final week up till Cathy and Robert's wedding.<p>

Needless to say, Keela had stated that Fleur would obviously be attending as Harry's date. Mammy had agreed and Apolline had caved. It helped that she and Gabrielle were invited.

Sebastian was not.

Harry was actually spared the horrors of planning a wedding as Keela had requested he help her show Fleur what Ireland had to offer.

Considering Apolline had brought her youngest daughter, eight-year-old Gabrielle, with her, Harry had figured they might as

well visit the reserve first. The little girl had worn herself out in excitement to the point that Harry had to carry her sleeping figure by the end of the day.

"'Ow can zey magic in public and not get caught?" Apolline asked in awe as they sat at a cafÃ© in Dublin. They were just round the corner from the market and were expecting Mammy to join them for a break soon.

"Every major building, like schools and hospitals, have special runes and enchantments on the doorways." Harry explained. "It applies a simple charm to the non-magicals that prevents them from noticing magic unless it is actually performed on them."

"What happens if someone doesn't go to school or hospital?" Fleur asked.

"Other buildings are covered too. But sometimes a person slips through. The government keeps an eye out for them and lets them in on the secret. It's like an apology for letting them slip through the cracks."

"Harry! My little charmer. What brings you to our favourite watering hole today?"

They turned to see the red haired Cassie smiling down at Harry.

"Cassie, this Apolline, Fleur and Gabrielle Delacour." Harry indicated the two older women and the child sleeping on Apolline's lap. "Apolline, Fleur, this Cassandra O'Reilly, she's a nurse."

"This is Fleur?" She asked excitedly as she pulled up a chair and joined them.

She looked carefully between the two teenagers then beamed. "Congratulations. Who asked whom?"

"Caaassie." Harry groaned.

Needless to say, Apolline instantly took to the woman who could turn her daughter and her boyfriend into blushing teenagers.

\* \* \*

><p>The wedding of Cathy and Robert was very unusual for Fleur and Apolline. It wasn't the muggles in attendance that shocked them. It was the giant dragon and various other magical beings.<p>

Cathy had wanted Fleur to be one of her bridesmaids, Keela had advised against it simply because it was impossible for a female who wasn't a siren, veela, succubus or some form of magical being to look as good.

Cathy had gone on a bit of a rant that showed she took after her mother.

Both Cassie \_and\_ Fleur were now bridesmaids. Little Gabrielle was pleased as punch to be the Flower Girl.

The wedding was held on the shores of Lough Ree. Being Easter, the weather was near perfect.

Of all the people present, only Dermot was miserable.

"You are ruining Cathy's day." Rory chided him.

"It's not my fecking fault!" He snapped. "She and Rob invited all these veela and sirensâ€¦ I'd bet good money on the raven head over there being a succubusâ€¦"

"Dermot Brown! Do you have a problem with these \_people\_?" Rory asked dangerously.

"Yes! They're all fucking hot and this fucking thing keeps going off!" He pointed at his crotch.

The two brothers realised that it had suddenly gone really quiet. Dermot was, apparently, a little loud. Fortunately everyone simply seemed amused.

Except Mammy and Cathy.

"Follow me you two." A short brunette ordered before heading towards the bathroom.

"Don't worry. That's Maria." Cassie assured Harry and Cathy. "She works with me, she's a trainee nurse."

"I don't remember seeing her." Harry frowned.

"She is in her last year of nursing college. She was tipped by some of the magicals on the college board for being perfect for my department."

"So she isn't a witch or magical?" Fleur asked.

"Nope. But she can be a real force of nature." Cassie laughed.

Rory, Dermot and Maria returned shortly. Dermot looked to be relieved whilst Maria had her arm hooked through his elbow.

Every now and then Dermot would flinch.

Dermot was the recipient of much teasing when it was revealed that he was practically immune to sirens and veela. He was also embarrassed to find out that Maria was \_not\_, in fact, a succubus.

But he did get a date out of it.

\* \* \*

><p>This was it. The final task of the Tri-Wizard Tournament. The one with four contestants.<p>

Anyway.

The four were once again on the shores of Lough Ree. Olliepeist was curled up on the shore and watching them. They were seated at a long

table facing the shore.

No one moved or spoke.

Well, a representative from the British Ministry was there and was ranting away, but the red-headed young man was ignored and in-audible through the silencing charm.

The Champions had been sitting still and quiet for nearly ten minutes. In front of them was one Agnes Brown. Staring back.

"I QUIT!" Diggory yelled in frustration. "I admit it! I bribed my housemates to not put their name in the goblet." He stood there, hands planted firmly on the table, breathing heavily and sweating.

"You may leave the table." Ollie stated.

Diggory wanted to object but then he proved that some of his brain cells were functional and decided not to test the patience of the massive dragon.

The remaining Champions had not moved.

It was twenty minutes later when Fleur cracked. She actually cried as she stood. "I stole Gabrielle's Barbie doll when she spilt beetroot juice on my teddy bear."

It was down to just Viktor Krum and Harry Brown.

Mammy wasn't even staring at them. She was looking at the red-headed moron from England behind them.

The Champions stayed that way for another twenty minutes.

"I MADE UP STORIES ABOUT MARTIN PROUD TO GET THE HEAD BOY POSITION!"

The Champions hadn't moved.

Percy Weasley, the British Representative, was on his knees, pleading for forgiveness. He received no sympathy.

Ten minutes later and Ollie finally stirred. "Enough Agnes. Either these two are truly innocent or they have exceptionally strong wills."

"Ollie, you and I both know that as innocent as my little ruffian can be, he has plenty to confess." She smirked at her son. "And there is no way I will believe this idiot is innocent." She glared at Krum.

Krum just sneered at her.

"We shall move onto the tie-breaker. Arthur." Ollie called the wizard over.

Arthur pulled out four strips of paper and conjured a bowl. "Gentlemen, please right on each of the pieces of paper what you believe the tie-breaker should consist of. I will check them and then



place them in the bowl. Mrs. Brown will then reach in and take one without looking. That will be the tie-breaker."

Harry shrugged and took the two strips and the pen and began to write. He handed them to Arthur who looked at them and snorted.

Krum took a few moments of thought and then wrote.

"Mr. Krum, a fight to the death is not an option. Choose something else that won't leave us having to explain to your government why you are being sent home in a box."

Krum scowled, cleared the paper with his wand and wrote again.

Arthur read them and sighed. "It will have to do."

Arthur took each strip, balled them up and placed them in the bowl. He then held the bowl up for Mammy who was wearing a conjured blindfold.

When she had one, she removed the blindfold and read it. "'Be the first to finish a bowl of Mr. Wang's Won Ton Soup."

"Harry, is this your way of getting Chinese food twice in one week?" Mammy asked shrewdly.

"I wouldn't say no to some Chow Mein and ribs." Harry grinned.

"Is this joke?" Krum asked with a growl.

"Wellâ€¦ yeah." Harry looked at the idiot. "This whole thing is a joke."

"You should be grateful that Mrs. Brown didn't pick out any of the others." Arthur warned the Seeker.

"What were they?" Dermot called out.

"Mr. Krum's suggestions were both duels. One with wands and one unarmed. Of course, Harry is skilled at martial arts due to his attending a local dojo. His skill with a wand has impressed our magical law enforcement trainers. He has been tutored by them for the better part of the year."

"Plus the lad has far more magic than the insolent whelp." Ollie added.

"Oh, Harry." They all turned to see Mammy trying not to grin too wide as she looked at one of the strips. "I wish I'd picked this one."

Harry just blushed.

"What's it say?" Diggory asked curiously.

"'Declare Harry the winner and celebrate.'"

"That is not a possible task?" Fleur looked at Arthur curiously.

"Why not?" Harry asked with a grin. "It would be impossible for me to lose. The winner can only win if they declare me the winner. Krum couldn't win by declaring himself the winner as that wouldn't complete the task. If he declared me the winner and I declared me the winnerâ€¦ majority rules!"

"I no like this. I complain." Krum stood with an angry expression.

"Are you asking to make a formal complaint?" Arthur asked professionally.

"Ja."

"You will need to take it up with the overseer of the tournament, Master Olliepeist." Arthur didn't bother hiding his enjoyment as the boy paled.

"I will eat food." He said quietly.

\* \* \*

><p>"I can't believe that- that <em>pig<em> was gloating like that." Fleur spat as they cleaned up the cartons and plates they had used for the Chinese takeaway.

"Don't let it bother you Fleur. I had no intention of trying to win. I just wanted some Won Ton soup." He smiled. "The crispy duck was a nice surprise."

"Well, the British Ministry is footing the bill for the tournament. The ICW insisted they cover all the costs as it was their cock up. It seemed a shame to let the opportunity slip away." Arthur said smugly.

"Still, I begin to wish Mammy had pulled out one of the duelling tasks." She scowled.

Once the Chinese had been delivered, two of the pots of won ton soup were placed in front of the remaining Champions. Krum had torn the lid off and poured the soup down his throat.

There had been a moment of panic on his behalf. It seemed that Krum had never had won ton soup before and was choking on a won ton. It was Harry who cast the spell to clear his airway but Arthur and Olliepeist insisted that if he didn't eat the offending won ton he would forfeit.

Said won ton was found floating in the lake.

Krum's argument was hard to understand as his mouth was burnt and swollen from trying to cram steaming hot soup down his throat.

But by the time he had retrieved the won ton and swallowed the rest, Harry was ready to pick up his chopsticks.

Krum had gloated over the fact that Harry hadn't even started and that he had won so easily. Harry ignored him as he deftly dug into his soup.

Krum, Diggory and the Weasley man had left nearly immediately. Fleur had intended to stay as long as she could and Arthur had offered to clear it with her Headmistress. She would be staying the night with Cathy and Robert and heading back to Scotland in the afternoon.

"Don't worry about it, Fleur." Dermot patted her back. "I got it tape." He held up his camcorder.

Fleur smiled as she remembered Dermot using it to film the wedding and Harry using it to film Gabrielle having fun with her and her mother. Krum probably had never seen one before.

\* \* \*

><p>The following morning Cathy, Robert and Fleur turned up at the Brown residence with an unwelcome guest.<p>

"Mr Delacour has asked to come and speak with Harry." Robert said formally.

Mammy took one look at the man and picked up her rolling pin, casually holding it over her shoulder. "Not alone he's not."

Sebastian Delacour lost his stiff and haughty look for a fraction of a moment as fear overcame him. It passed though.

"Does Apolline know he's here?" Dermot asked Fleur.

Fleur looked worried and confused. "I do not know. She is staying with Keela."

Mammy started to cackle. It was one of those quiet laughs that built with volume and intensity.

Harry rolled his eyes and took a seat on the sofa. Grandpa was just glaring at her.

"MAMMY!" Cathy eventually had enough.

Mammy pouted but stopped. Then she turned her evil grin on Mr. Delacour. "Let me guess, Sebby. It's been getting lonely at home without the wife and kids. Your bed is cold and you miss holding that super model you call a wife, at night.

"So you asked her to come home and she said; not until you apologise to Harry. Right?"

Sebastian was a handsome man but he was just a wizard. Magically beautiful people like sirens, succubi, incubi and nymphs always look beautiful, even when angry.

'Sebby' looked very ugly as he turned red and headed to purple as rage and embarrassment warred on his face.

"Papa."

Fleur's voice and tone were cold. It sent a chill down her father's

spine. It was the same tone her mother had used early that morning.

"Monsieur Potter-"

"Brown."

"Eh?"

"There are no Potters in this house." Grandpa calmly informed him from his armchair. "Cathy, Robert and Fleur don't count." He added as he realised his granddaughter no longer carried his name. It gave him both feelings of sadness and pride.

Delacour muttered something under his breath. Fleur clearly didn't approve. She began talking loudly at him in French.

Harry put his arm on the back of the couch and looked at Robert. "You might want to call your mum and her bring Apolline over."

\* \* \*

><p>Sebby was pretty much booted back to France. Apolline had marched him to the Irish government building and forced him to take a portkey.<p>

Gabrielle was happy in the care of Keela.

It appeared that Sebby needed some more time in his lonely, cold bed to think things over. He was exhibiting signs that he actually bought into the European beliefs that non-humans were lesser beings. Apolline was devastated, Keela was counselling her to be patient and not jump to conclusions. Gabrielle was passed over to Cathy and Robert.

Mammy had begged for the opportunity to house the sweet little girl. Cathy had said she could do it if she could make it a whole day without swearing.

The decision was done by nine am.

\* \* \*

><p>Two days later, Harry answered a knock on the door to find a squat woman in pink robes and with pink ribbons in her hair.<p>

She did not look pretty.

"Ah, you are Harry Potter, yes?" She asked in a high pitched voice that she probably thought was cute and sweet. It was more irritating and patronising.

"No. You must have the wrong house."

"Nonsense, you are clearly Harry Potter and this is the address given."

Harry was pretty angry about this. His address was classified by the government. Even his family didn't give it out. They used a Post Office Box managed by the NBCI for postal deliveries.

The woman didn't seem to notice or care about Harry's mood. "I am Delores Umbridge, Senior Under-Secretary to the Minister of Magic-"

"You're with the British Government?" Harry interrupted her. "Why are you here? Why didn't the-"

"Young man!" She snapped. "You do not question a Ministry Official! Now, you will come with me back to England where you will answer charges for inciting a rebellion." She drew her wand and pointed it at him.

"Where's your warrant or court order?" Harry asked calmly.

"I am a Ministry Official!" She replied indignantly. "My word is enough."

"That's nice." Unfortunately this woman didn't pick up on the complete insincerity in the statement. "But I'm an Irish citizen. Unless an Irish copper comes round with the right documents and speaks to my mum firstâ€¦ I'll be going nowhere."

The woman scoffed. "You seem to be under the mistaken impression that you have a choice."

"Drop your wand, put your hands behind your head and get on your knees!"

Umbridge jumped at the loud order but moved quickly to grab Harry round the neck, pull his back against her front and place her wand against his neck.

"I AM THE SENIOR UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC!" She screamed shrilly. "YOU HAVE- AAAIIIIEEEEEE!"

Harry was instantly released as Umbridge grabbed at her butt. Harry rolled on the ground away from her and towards the heavily armed Magical Emergency Response Unit.

"Took you long enough." Harry scowled.

"Sorry about that Harry." The lead officer calmly addressed him, still looking down the sights of his gun at the fat woman who was rocking back and forth on the floor, moaning weakly. "What did you do to her?"

"Me? I thought it was you."

"Harry, we've trained you for hostage situations. This was not an approved act- is that a snake?"

Sure enough, a huge greyish-black snake was slithering quickly towards them. It was at least six feet.

"Have your men back up." Harry ordered quickly. "That's a Black Mamba."

"Back it up! Get on top of the van!" The leader ordered his men.

"\_Nasty creature will be dead soon."\_ The snake said as it reached Harry. It raised itself up so it was nearly at eye level. For a Black Mamba to be this size, it was probably magical.

"\_Where did you come from? Why did you bite her?"\_ Harry asked curiously.

"\_Vasuki sent me. Said I was to guard the Speaker with my life."\_ The snake was clearly very proud to be assigned this duty. "\_Nasty woman wanted to hurt the Speaker. Nasty woman must die."\_

Harry looked behind the snake to where the woman had stopped moving. "\_How much venom did you use on her?"\_

The snake's fangs came out slowly as it grinned. "\_All of it."\_

\* \* \*

><p>"As of two this afternoon, we closed our borders to Britain. The British have confirmed that the woman was a member of their Minister's Cabinet but deny sending her to kidnap Harry."<p>

There were a lot of angry faces around the conference table in the Government building in Ireland. Not just the Brown family, the Prime Minister was there as well and he was not pleased.

"I want to know how Britain even knew Mr. Brown's address." He demanded of his foreign minister. "At the moment I have the GardaÃ-setting up a permanent guard house on the same street as the Brown family. If this gets any worse they might as well take up residence in a prison! It would a whole lot safer."

"King Vasuki has warned me that I should expect a severe up surge in the number of snakes in the city." Arthur Dunbar grimaced. "He's having to have strong words with the Indian government about letting us handle things."

"\_Why\_ did they want to kidnap Harry?" Cathy asked. She was upset and confused by all this. She was due to go on her honeymoon the following week.

"\_Dumbledore!\_" The Prime Minister spat. "The man has been telling outlandish stories that Harry has claimed Voldemort has risen from the dead."

"But I haven't even \_seen\_ the bastard since the first task of the tournament." Harry frowned.

"Which is only part of what makes them 'outlandish'." He gave a sarcastic laugh. "There is also the fact that you hate the man, you have a very healthy fear and paranoia about the Englishâ€ and we don't use owls for mail here. You have no way of contacting the fool."

"Has the old fool being arrested?" Sirius asked.

"No, he is still their Chief Judge." The Foreign Minister reported.

"Then why arrest Harry?" Trevor pondered. "Unless the British consider Harry a weaker target than Dumbledore."

"And Dumbledore has been very careful to state that he is only relaying a message from Harry. He is not claiming it himself."

"I'd rather you not worry yourself about that side of things." The Prime Minister addressed the family. "My people will see to it that Albus Dumbledore is revealed for the insidious monster he is."

"My real concern for your family is that some one actually got their hands on Harry."

"How did they know our address?" Harry muttered.

"Exactly. I fear we might have a leak in the GardaÃ-."

"Oh Harryâ€|" They turned to Mammy who looked absolutely miserable. "I know of one person who knew and might have told. Fleur's father."

\* \* \*

><p>Fleur, Gabrielle and Apolline were devastated. Sebastian Delacour was brought in by the French authorities on an international warrant. He was questioned and he revealed that he had purposefully given Harry's address to the British Ministry.<p>

Needless to say, Apolline filed for divorce. Sirius, with the aid of Dermot and his new girlfriend, Maria, helped the three acquire a modest home near a magical district on the outskirts of Dublin. They had been granted asylum and temporary citizenship under the Irish laws designed to protect magical beings in danger of persecution from European discrimination.

Whilst Apolline was completely distraught and Gabrielle was upset and confused, Fleur had become very closed on the subject. She refused to refer to her father as anything other than 'Mr. Sebastian'.

She acted perfectly normal around everyoneâ€| unless her father was brought up. At Trevor and Maria's advice, Apolline took her whole family in for counselling.

Everyone rallied around the three French females to try and help them cope with the huge uproar life had just thrown their way.

"You know I should really hate you?" Harry scowled at his girlfriend as they prepared the table at his house.

"W-Why?" She was horrified. It was a nightmare come true.

"For nearly ten years, all I've wanted to do was work at the preserveâ€| and you get to do it firstâ€| and I'm the one who showed you the place. The injustice of it all!" Harry threw his hands in the air. "Ow-ow-ow!"

"You scared me Harry!" Fleur hissed as she continued her assault on his shoulder.

"Harry, stop teasing your girlfriend. Fleur... don't hurt him too

much, you might need him later." Mammy grinned from her kitchen.

There was a knock on the door and Harry went to answer it.

"Harry, so good to see you after all these years."

Harry stared at the man and his cohorts as his blood ran cold. "Do I know you?" Harry asked, remaining calm but fingering the panic button on the back of the door.

"I'm hurt!" The man said theatrically. His companions seemed to find the whole thing hilarious. "Come now Harry, I'm sure you can work out who I am."

Harry just nodded. "Some one who doesn't know when to stay dead." The others scowled at the insult but the man seemed amused.

"Such bravery. Clearly a true Gryffindor. I'm Irish dumbass. I don't go to that backward school of inbred hicks."

The man pulled his wand and pointed it at Harry. "Mind your tongue boy. I would hate to have to cut it out so soon."

Harry just sighed. "Voldie-" Harry ignored the outraged cries from the minions. "I don't know why you decided to come here. I can only assume that one of your footstools back there resurrected you and cocked up on the body and you want me to kill you again. Honestly, you should get checked for AIDs and cancer."

The man before Harry, whom he identified as 'Lord Voldemort', looked nothing like the man that the Irish Intelligence Service had shown him.

Instead of black, full hair he was bald.

Instead of handsome aristocratic features he was noseless.

Instead of rich coloured flesh he was tanless.

Instead of cunning and guile he was witless.

The idiots behind him were clearly the Death Eaters.

"Kill me?" Voldemort sneered. "As if a mere half-blood could defeat the most powerful wizard to have ever lived."

Harry grinned darkly at the man. "I remember that night. You killed James before going upstairs. My mother tried to protect me.

"So tell me, would you prefer the half-blood or the muggleborn for your killer?"

"I had planned on killing you and then parading your body around London." Voldemort said quietly. "But now I will make you live a long and painful life."

Harry looked at him curiously. "You do realise you are in Ireland, right? We don't have a real separation of magical and non-magical."



"All will fall before Lord Voldemort." The Noseless Wonder declared.

"Is that the name you have chosen Tom?"

Voldemort and his Death Eaters spun around, wands out. There appeared to be muggles holding their weapons on them, but that was of little concern to an idio- Pure Blood.

What did concern them was the large creature with the torso and head of a man and the body of a snake. He was of Indian descent and spoke with a thick accent and a heavy sibilance on his S's. He appeared to be in his late twenties. He wore no clothes, but had ornate bracelets.

"Your Majesty." Harry bowed low.

"Vasuki." Voldemort spat.

"Still as rude and arrogant as the last time we met." Vasuki smirked. "Do you require \_another\_ lesson in civilised manners?"

Voldemort actually flinched, fortunately his minions weren't looking at him.

"Harry, come stand with me my prince." Vasuki instructed the boy firmly.

Harry grimaced at that title. He was considered royalty in India and not just because King Vasuki declared it.

"The boy moves, the boy dies." Voldemort snarled as his wand whipped back to Harry.

The minions growled as Harry just scoffed. "You kill me and you lose the only reason those men haven't unleashed their weapons on you."

Vasuki smiled proudly at the bravery. He spoke in Parseltongue: "\_Close the door.\_"

Voldemort screamed in rage. "\_AVADA KEDAVRA!"\_

The spell splashed uselessly against the metal door that had shot up out of the ground. There was a series of loud bangs as metal sheets shot out of the ground and encased the front of the Brown Residence.

Ireland protected its children.

"Now then Tom, let us continue your education."

\* \* \*

><p>"All clear"ish<em>." Harry sighed as he turned away from the door. He was immediately grabbed by Mammy and Fleur. Grandpa stood up from behind the kitchen counter where he had been staring down the scope of a rifle and just waiting for a chance to pop the bastard's head off.

"We must escape!" Fleur was scared. Terrified really.

"No, we're fine in here." Harry assured her.

"Are you sure ya weren't cursed, son?" Mammy asked as she checked him over.

"I'm fine, Mammy." Harry smiled fondly at her before hugging her.  
"The psych reports were right. He's an egomaniac he can't resist bragging about how he is better than everyone."

"I had plenty of time before he tried to actually do anything. Now we just have to wait for King Vasuki to finish playing."

"How can you so calm?" Fleur demanded. "There is a mass murderer out there probably killing everyone!"

Harry pulled her into a hug. "Fleur, the last time Tom Riddle, a.k.a Lord Voldemort, met King Vasuki, he tried to get him to swear allegiance to him. He thought being a Parselmouth meant he could rule all serpents, including the King."

"Tom was sent packing with what the King would consider 'a spanking'. This time, he'll end the threat."

"Here girl, sip this."

"Grandpa!" Mammy screeched as he handed another glass to Harry.

"Here."

"Ohâ€¦ never mind." She said as she took the offered glass and downed it.

Grandpa just rolled his eyes and poured his own.

The phone rang and Harry grabbed it.

"\_What a pest. All clear.\_" Said the voice.

"Coming out." Harry responded. Harry put his glass down and moved towards Grandpa's arm chair. He pushed it away from the way and touched the floor with his wand.

They could hear the metallic sliding of the metal panels outside.

The others put their glasses down and followed Harry outside.

It was a bloody mess. There were body parts all over the place. Fleur looked like she might be sick.

"Grandpa, take the lass into the house." Mammy ordered.

"Non, I will be fine." She assured them as she straightened her back.

"Well done my young prince." Vasuki smiled as walked up. He was

holding a severed head. A length of rope had been nailed into the sides of the skull to provide a handle.

"I take it you are not finished with him?" Harry asked the Naga king with amusement. The head was trying to scream. Someone had put a silencing charm on it.

"Tom has a crippling fear of death." Vasuki smirked. "He has no respect for life. By the time I am finished he will have lost his fear of death and embrace it."

"You managed to keep him alive with just a head?" Fleur was amazed.

"Harry, is this the girl who has captured your heart?" Vasuki smiled at her.

"King Vasuki, meet Fleur Delacour, Fleur, this Vasuki, King of the Naga." Harry bowed to the hybrid snake man.

Fleur gently held the skirt of her pale blue summer dress and curtsied. "Your majesty."

"It is a pleasure to meet you." He looked at her carefully, his tongue flickered out revealing it to be forked like a snakes. "You have the scent of many animals on you. Much like Harry."

Fleur looked to Harry, unsure on how to address a royal. Harry just gave her an encouraging nod.

"I have been working at the Phoenix Park. I wish to work with wards and Harry showed me how much warding was needed when working with animals."

"Would you like to come in for a spot of tea?" Mammy chimed in.

"I would love nothing more, Mother Agnes." He inclined her head. "But I must return with the police to help them complete their reports."

"Well, if you would like to stop by for tea or dinner, just send a note and I'll whip something up."

"Of course Mother." Vasuki bowed to Mammy and she returned a clumsy curtsy.

Agnes Brown was highly respected by anyone Vasuki spoke to about Harry. He frequently offered to host her and her family for a visit. But Mammy was born and bred in Ireland and she was reluctant to leave her comfort zone. Vasuki understood, but he made a point to always offer.

Vasuki vanished into thin air, taking his prize with him.

Mammy turned to the police officers and glared at them. "You make sure you get the blood off the pavement, you here? This is a respectable street!"

She turned and marched back into the house. Harry shook his head and smiled as Mammy's cackling floated back out.

Respectable indeed!

\* \* \*

><p>A few days later the Brown family was back at the government building. They were seated in a conference room. This time there were more people. Fleur sat on Harry's left, Mammy on his right. King Vasuki sat on Fleur's left.<p>

Robert was there and so was Keela.

All of them were glaring at Albus Dumbledore and Cornelius Fudge.

"Very well, Dumbledore." The Prime Minister practically spat. "Mr Brown is now present. What is damned important?"

"I must reiterate; what I have to say is for Harry's ears alone." Dumbledore acted like a disappointed grandfather.

"And I must reiterate; No fucking way." Mammy sneered.

"Child, please get to your point." Vasuki chided.

Dumbledore was a little thrown at being called a child, but Vasuki was practically immortal. Fudge was looking at the Naga with disgust.

"Why is this creature here?" Fudge demanded. "It's bad enough you brought all these muggles, but a dark creature too?"

"Listen here you fat little toad." Dermot stood up and slammed his hands on the table. "King Vasuki has done nothing good things for this family and we won't sit here and listen to you bad mouth him!"

"Dermot, peace." Vasuki said calmly. "I thank you for your support."

Dermot looked at him with complete sincerity and seriousness. "Anytime."

"Speak now Dumbledore." The Prime Minister knocked on the table with his knuckles. "As far as I am concerned, you will be barred from these shores once you leave this room."

"Is that a threat?" Fudge glowered.

"Let me get this straight." Mammy spoke up again. "You insist that Harry is the only one who can hear what you have to say, but you insist on bringing this idiot with you. Someone who fucked up that tournament. Fucked up Sirius' chance at justice and fucked up by employing that cow who tried to kidnap my son."

Albus looked stern and angry. Fudge looked apoplectic.

The Prime Minister simply winced at every curse. Agnes Brown had a good heart and strong moral compass.

But she could make sailors blush.

"Does the idiot already know this 'important news'?" Mark asked curiously.

"Of course I know!" Fudge practically spat. "\_I\_ am the Minister of Magic, muggle. I lead-"

"Aaaaand we're done." Harry said calmly as he stood. "If the idiot is required to be here along with the fool then I do \_not\_ care what you want to tell me." He turned to the Prime Minister. "Sir, I would ask that someone else deal with the idiot and fool. I never want to see them again."

"I agree." He said, standing. "I will have my people start the procedure to file restraining orders. Next time they or anyone working for them comes near you, they will find themselves a guest of our fine prison system."

"Mrs Brown, I apologise for wasting your family's time with this."

"Not your fault, sir." She shook his hand. "Some people just aren't worth the oxygen they breathe."

Mammy put her arm around Harry and the family followed them out.

"Wait! There is a prophecy!"

"Tell it to someone who cares, ya senile old bastard." Dermot shouted over his shoulder. The family didn't even pause.

\* \* \*

><p>That evening Mammy answered the door to find both King Vasuki <em>and<em> the Prime Minister standing there. The street was clogged with black government vehicles.

"I told you this would happen, Ma." Harry sighed. "Once word got out about your treacle tartâ€¦| \_everyone\_ would want a piece."

Vasuki laughed whilst the Prime Minister, who was looking very tired, smiled as Mammy glared at her youngest.

"Go and prepare some tea for these gentlemen." She said as she wacked him with her tea towel. "Come in, come inâ€¦|" She looked at the street behind them and grimaced. "Will it just be the two of you for tea?" She asked hopefully.

The Prime Minister looked completely flummoxed as he turned to look between Mammy and the security services outside.

Mammy just started cackling. "I'm jus' fucking with ya, son." She patted him on the shoulder. "Come in lads. You look like you just had to drag ol' Ollie out of his lake."

"That would have been easier." The Prime Minister sighed with a chuckle. He sat on the couch as Vasuki coiled his long serpent tail under him. "You will be pleased to hear that Albus Dumbledore is now

wanted for being a Dark Lord."

Mammy raised an eyebrow as Harry put the tea tray on the coffee table and sat next to the Prime Minister. "Can't say I'm surprised about the 'Dark Lord' bit, but how tha hell did ya get it to stick?"

"That prophecy, he brought a copy with him." The man smiled. "The British had put Harry's name on it, Dumbledore's and simply 'Dark Lord'. They had a question mark by Harry's name and the name of the seer who made it."

"Your name was added after the 31st of October 1981." Vasuki grinned at Harry. "In other words, whoever manages these 'prophecies' for the British decided that you had fulfilled it back then."

"Then why did they try and bring it up now?" Harry asked.

"The Hogwarts Champion, Cedric Diggory. He was kidnapped from Hogwarts during the celebrations for the end of the tournament. Apparently he was used for a ritual that gave Riddle back his body." The Prime Minister sighed.

"Holy Father! Is the boy alright?" Mammy asked.

"He is. He managed to return and told Dumbledore what happened. Though I doubt his story that he single-handedly duelled Riddle and held off his minions." He scoffed.

"As you can see, they claim the prophecy was wrongly declared fulfilled back in 1981." Vasuki continued. "We pointed out that that means your name shouldn't be on it."

"The fool tried to claim that you fit certain requirements that were mentioned in the prophecy."

"And there was some truth to them." The Prime Minister interjected.

"Yesâ€¦ there was." Vasuki grinned. "We conceded that perhaps you were the one mentioned in the prophecy that could defeat the 'Dark Lord'."

"However, there were only two other names on the prophecy records and none in prophecy itself."

"And you said that the 'Dark Lord' must refer to the only other person mentioned who was not the seer." Harry nodded.

"By the time we were finished, Fudge was trying to sit as far away from Dumbledore as possible. He honestly believed that the old fool was this 'Dark Lord'." The Prime Minister laughed. "We read off a litany of charges that Ireland and the international community has on file for him."

"I am certain that before the month is done, the ICW will have granted you licence and immunity to 'slay' Albus Dumbledore, The Dark Lord, on sight." Vasuki smirked. "Of course, you still a child, your mother may appoint any who you approve of to act in your name."

"And the list of volunteers is long."

\* \* \*

><p>Over the years, Harry grew up to be a fine man. He had his various flaws and plenty of people to point them out. But Harry embodied loyalty and trust. He exuded it and inspired it. He never entered into politics but he knew every Prime Minister and greeted them by name.<p>

Magical Britain found itself isolated from the rest of the world. It got so bad that it affected the non-magical side of Britain. The British Ministry of Magic fell within hours and took hours for the British Government to get her back on her feet.

But Harry never stepped foot on British soil. It took a lot for him to agree to even go north to Northern Ireland. He travelled the world, visiting various zoos and reserves where all kinds of reptiles, from snakes to dragons resided. Fleur was always with him, eager to learn more about wards and help her husband protect what he loved.

Mammy actually visited India the year after King Vasuki captured Riddle. She went to India for the sole purpose of making sure Riddle was there and suffering. She did the same with Dumbledore who was eventually caught and arrested when he believed he had immunity and tried to attend an ICW meeting.

Every time she left, the two old fools, Riddle and Dumbledore, were left with grating, echoing cackle of Agnes Fecking Brown.

End  
file.